★ JOHN BULL, JULY 13, 1940. TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXVIII 1778

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THROUGH THE NAZI HOOPS By GEO. SLOCOMBE

KEEP ON THE TARGET! by A.G.G.

You've earned your leisure...

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

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SHE'S as pretty as a picture, all agree. She simply can't help attracting attention with her clear skin, slim figure and sparkling health. She keeps right up to the mark—just as you can—by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans stimulate and tone up the system, purify the blood and strengthen the nerves—thus improving your vitality and resistance and making you feel better in every way.

So keep slim, healthy and gloriously fit by taking Bile Beans at bedtime.

"At the beginning of the year I made a vow to take Bile Beans each night. I never made a better resolution. I now have a slim figure, clear skin and radiant health."—Mrs. J. M., Lincoln.

"I am delighted with Bile Beans for they keep me so wonderfully fit and well. Sometimes friends envy my sparkling health and vitality and I tell them the secret—just Bile Beans at bedtime."—Miss D. O., Beckenham.

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health, Figure & Vitality

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

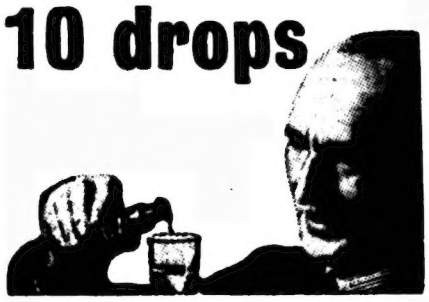
"Thanks for the ODOL Solid Dentifrice. It lasts a long time and is most convenient to carry when you're on the move."

—Letter from the Front.

Odol

Tooth-paste 6d. and 1/-. Solid Dentifrice 6d.

10 drops



will pull you round

In 15 minutes Phosferine will buck you up when you're feeling down . . .

PHOSFERINE is the finest tonic for bracing, strengthening and invigorating you. When you feel gloomy and depressed a dose of Phosferine will make all the difference. You begin to feel better in 15 minutes. That's why Phosferine enables you to keep carrying on. It puts back what you have taken out of yourself—strength, energy and vitality. Get a bottle of this really great tonic to-day.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-.

From all Chemists. **TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.**

PHOSFERINE Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

—for—	—for—	—for—
Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anaemia
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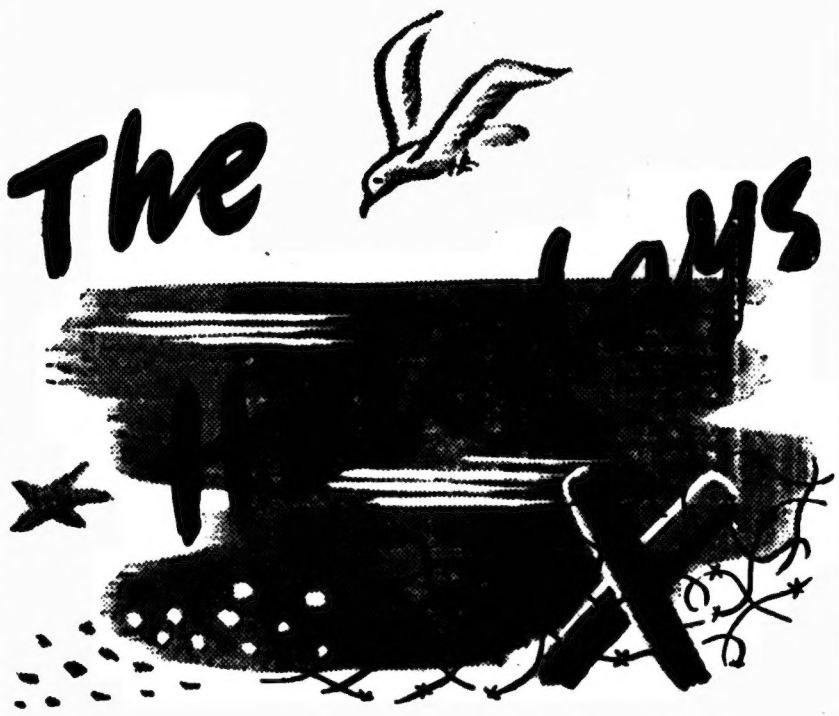


All through our childhood there was magic in these words. As we grew older "the holidays" were looked forward to throughout the working year.

But today . . . the German armies have overrun half Europe. Thousands have fled from their bombed and burning homes. Invasion threatens our Island. We must put aside all thought of going away for holidays until this war is over and victory is won.

So let us speed up our war effort. Let us lend our "holiday money" to the Nation. Put every shilling into National Savings (Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds, Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks). The money is urgently needed to pay for the equipment of our fighting forces—for the defence of our shores, our homes, our lives.

This year make your holiday weeks National Savings Weeks!

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 13, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

YOU CAN TRUST US, WINSTON

BRITAIN is now a fortress. Its defences are mighty. Its garrison is alert.

The civil public is as much a part of that garrison as the armed forces. And the ordinary people will stand as firm as their kinsmen who waited calmly on the bullet-swept beaches at Dunkirk.

Neither the whine of bombs nor the whisperings of defeatists will cause us to sacrifice our assurance of ultimate victory.

Who are the Defeatists?

Mr. Churchill, in his memorable speech on the Oran battle, disclosed that he had sent a message to all senior officers and officials.

He ordered them to remove any subordinate who "exercises a disturbing influence" or spreads despondency.

But it is not the minor jacks-in-office whose influence disturbs the public. Mr. Churchill should look higher up.

He should cast a disapproving eye on a few men he maintains in high office.

Erase Their Records

Those men may not be defeatists, and by now may be alive to our peril. They may be eager to trample on the records of their past.

But the public's memory is not so short as they may wish. And the public has no faith in them.

Start your Spring-cleaning at home, Mr. Churchill.

Depend on the Armed Forces and the civil public to keep their own houses in order.

Nation's Confidence

The new Ministers have the nation's confidence.

JOHN BULL **knows the work they have done in a few weeks, how they have turned night into day in their efforts to mobilise this country's invincible strength.**

Praise Mr. Alexander. His radio speech last week was overshadowed by the magnificent statement by the Prime Minister.

Yet it was a fine speech. Even finer was the part he played in directing the Navy's operations in the engagements he described.

Mr. Bevin's Great Task

Praise Mr. Bevin. He intends to use his powers to "secure labour for vital war production."

If that means that he will mobilise the whole of our labour resources, he will accomplish one of the mightiest and most urgent tasks in our history.

And it must be done.

This Appeal Folly

Unemployment continues. It will increase when, through the blockade of these islands, many of our trades come to a standstill.

Yet there is no reason why a single man or woman should be workless. There is every reason why every man and woman should be employed at full capacity.

An end to this folly of appealing for volunteers for vital war work, for civil defence duties!

Power to Conscript

The Government has the power to conscript all persons and property. The people are eager for this power to be used.

Clear-cut decisions must be taken.

Half-measures will not suffice, nor will such half-baked measures as the new Purchase Tax satisfy a public that demands carefully considered and clear-sighted actions.

Purblind Zealots

Mr. Attlee must not waste time on introducing, then withdrawing, a motion to decide whether M.P.s should rush to shelter when the air raid warning sounds or whether they should wait for the Speaker's hint.

Mr. Churchill should curb those purblind zealots who would curtail the liberty of newspapers. He should remind them that one of the reasons for the fall of France was that the public had been kept in blinkers.

Free Press, Free Speech—these must continue if the Government is to continue in our confidence.

One Voice—Please

Mr. Churchill permits himself to mar his speech by a sneer at the Italian Navy.

On the same day Mr. Dalton announces that Italy is still reckoned as a potential ally.

The Government must speak with one voice, act with one mind.

JOHN BULL is actuated by no carping spirit in these criticisms. It is too well aware of the splendid efforts made by the Government in many directions.

Fifth Column Surprises

Last few weeks have seen a big drive against Fifth Columnists in this country, although you've heard nothing about it.

Some of the discoveries deserve that over-worked word—"amazing."

Offenders include all types, from the illiterate to men of rank and education.

Clergymen and women are included.

Ammunition Dumps

Authorities have unearthed dumps of arms, ammunition, cars and motor-cycles serviced and ready for the road at a moment's notice.

Enemy Agents Here

Other enemy agents may still be at large. Their prime object is sabotage.

The possibility must be considered of traitors assembling serious diversions to cover landings by parachutists who, in turn, might try to cover troop landings by air and sea.

Tricks of Invaders

Lesser agents might, at the same time, repeat the trick practised in Belgium and Holland—of trying to delude the authorities by bogus telephone calls about enemy landings in rural districts where, in fact, all was quiet.

See "I've Been Through the Nazi Hoops," by George Slocombe, Page 6.

Another trick was to land by parachute women who had worked in the invaded country as governesses or maids and knew their way about.

No Need to Fear—If . . .

We must be prepared, as the Prime Minister warns us, for every kind of trick from a cunning enemy.

We must be on our guard against a minority of rogues in our midst. But, JOHN BULL repeats, there is no reason to fear a "disturbing influence" on the public as a whole.

On the contrary, the public will give the authorities every assistance.

How You Can Help

You can help by reporting any suspicious occurrence, by assisting police and wardens to enforce the black-out—even in such minor ways as giving our field glasses to Mr. Morrison for use by the L.D.V.s.

We must stock our larders within reason, help to decentralise food stocks. Don't use tinned goods—keep them for the time when fresh fruit may be unobtainable.

Lay in reserves of flour.

Economise on every type of goods, particularly on your use of paper and metal.

Organise Yourself

Don't wait for the State to organise everything. Help by organising things yourself.

Do you keep pigs and poultry? Those animal Cinderellas, which always receive less attention than sheep and cattle, will get only one-third of their cereal foods after September.

But don't reduce your stocks of pigs and poultry.

Housewives, save your scraps for your back-garden hens.

Smallholders, start growing on derelict ground your own feeding-stuffs and collect more swill for the pigs.

There is not one person who cannot help the war effort. There is no way in which Britain can be defeated if all in Britain prove themselves good citizens.

(Continued overleaf.)

BRIGHT SPOTS

● **Three new inventions, among the many sent by laymen to the Government, will have profound effect on the war. Experts are almost incredulous, but greatly impressed.**

* * *

● *New method has been devised of bringing timber across the Atlantic without a ship!*

* * *

● **Among our new aircraft are 40 bombers and 160 Spitfires—present from the Colonies.**

* * *

● **An American bomber, soon to be available to Britain, can do 375 miles an hour—75 more than our Blenheim, which continues to beat Nazi defences.**

* * *

● *Thousand men a week are joining Canadian Air Force; Australia orders another 500 aircraft.*

* * *

● Russia has seized for her own use all the food in Lithuania that had been ordered by Germany.

* * *

● *Soviet moves have caused further Communist agitation in Nazi factories.*

* * *

● **To add to troubles caused by foot-and-mouth disease, the Colorado beetle is ravaging German farms.**

* * *

● **Public morale in Germany and Italy has been further lowered by news about the French Navy and by knowledge that their official communiqués are exaggerated. So neutrals report**

* * *

● Switzerland, despite Nazi threats, refuses to alter her policy to suit Berlin; openly announces her faith in Allied victory.

"AT ANY MOMENT THE INVASION MAY BE LAUNCHED BY SEA AND AIR"
Lord President of the Council

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

FREE FOR EVERY READER

Registration Forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Nazi Bombs Made to Look Like Pencils

●

Fruit Must Not Be Wasted this Year

●

Position of Tenants in Rebellion

●

Soldiers on Leave Without Pay

(Continued from preceding page)

Warning has been given to L.D.V.s not to pick up in the street anything resembling a pencil.

Pass on that warning to your children.

Such "pencils" may contain Nazi explosives.

Holiday Resorts' Plight

There's an urgent note, too, in M.P.s' appeal to the Government to remedy the plight of holiday resorts.

In many East Coast towns, big hotel-keepers and widows who let lodgings are alike facing disaster.

They can't expect compensation for loss of business.

Hardship is inevitable in war.

But they must be given assistance to buy the necessities of life.

Local Moratorium

Local councils cannot afford that assistance. Many of them are bankrupt.

They cannot afford even to use their power to remit rates in hard cases.

Government grants must therefore be made to the worst-hit areas.

Meantime, a local moratorium should be declared.

Their Blind Eye

Control of food prices is still but a faint shadow.

In a London borough tomatoes are 1s. 8d. a pound, greenstuff and fruit anything from 1d. to 4d. a pound dearer than elsewhere.

It is a wealthy borough, but many of its residents cannot pay such prices.

JOHN BULL **representatives, touring the provinces, report similar disparities. They are due to profiteering.**

Local food committees turn a blind eye.

More Wasted Food

A reader reports that, for five days in succession, consignments of eggs have been loaded on to refuse barges at a certain London wharf.

Millions must have been allowed to go bad in store and are now to be wasted.

The Ministry of Food, exhorting us all to preserve our larders, should do a little preserving itself.

They're Helping—but . . .

Thousands of tons of fruit are left to rot on the trees each year. This season, women's institutes are hoping to fill 1,000,000 cans and 144,000 bottles with fine English fruit.

But this voluntary effort only touches part of the problem.

Who is to pick the fruit where labour is scarce?

What guarantee is there that market prices will make the job worth while?

It'll be a Disgrace

It will be a disgrace if once again the familiar phrase, "Can't give it away," is heard in the countryside.

Proper organisation must be formed before the season nears its end.

That's another job for the Ministry of Food.

The Legal Position

Tenants of council houses, refused permission to keep poultry, were advised by us last week to tell their council to "go to the devil." Other readers appreciate our strong language but want to know the legal position.

Here it is:

Any householder or allotment-holder may keep hens, pigs or rabbits so long as they do not cause a nuisance. Restrictive clauses in tenancy agreements and local by-laws have been suspended by an Order in Council.

Landlords, whether private or official, are merely bluffing if they still try to maintain those restrictions.

Eliminate Middlemen

One county council has sold unwanted timber to a private firm, who in turn has sold it to a smaller merchant. He has now sold it to a colliery for pit-props.

Clearly, one of these middlemen could have been eliminated.

That is a tiny illustration of what is happening on a widespread scale with virtually every type of commodity.

Unnecessary middlemen and unnecessary profits, undesirable in peace time, are preposterous in war.

Helping the L.D.V.s

Praise to the private firms who are providing extra rest periods to the L.D.V.s on their staff.

Some have given the men a comfortably furnished room where they can get an hour's sleep after a night spent on national defence.

Every employer should be able to do something on these lines.

Efficiency suffers if workers are deprived of adequate rest, as Mr. Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook have realised.

On Duty Too Long

It has yet to be realised in the civil defence services. Many A.F.S. men are on duty for overlong periods.

Those in Bournemouth have a 168-hour week. Because their 24-hour leave has been stopped, they cannot get a bath or spend even an hour at home, although spare-time men could be found to stand by for them.

Position in many other towns is equally indefensible.

Judges on Holiday

Whoever else has to forgo holidays, the Law Courts will not. They are proposing to take the usual Long Vacation, even though hundreds of citizens need the machinery of the courts to put their affairs in order because of war difficulties

Obviously, ordinary litigation should be put back in favour of urgent cases by men about to be called for military service.

Sufficient judges should remain at work to deal with them.

Penniless on Leave

Three soldiers, given forty-eight hours' leave but no pay, have been given food vouchers or money by Salford public assistance committee.

JOHN BULL **often receives visits from soldiers who, though in credit, are similarly sent on leave penniless.**

Muddle by Army pay authorities is so great that girl typists would probably do the job more efficiently. Most commanding officers will agree.

If any M.P. wants a good subject for Question Time, here it is.

It is Essential—but . . .

Complaint from one military training centre that tin plates have to be polished and inspected after every meal.

Complaint from B.E.F. veterans that, in the camp to which they have been sent to refit, more attention is paid to "spit-and-polish" than to refresher courses in musketry and Bren-gunning.

Equipment cleaning is an essential part of discipline. That we know.

But it should be combined with adequate training in the handling of weapons.

Dangerous Labels

Here is an oversight that needs the attention of Major-General Szlumper, the Army's transport chief.

Carriages filled with troops, passing through Gloucester station from Bristol, were plainly labelled with the name of the northern town to which they were bound.

Yet newspapers are sternly warned not to give any hint of troop movements!

Sleepy Officials

New regulation to compel ex-farm workers to return to the land is suffering teething pains.

One man, employed for the last year with a building firm, had previously worked for the Forestry Commission. Offered a new job at Rugby, he asked the employment exchange if he could take it.

Exchange officials knew nothing of the new regulation, advised him to accept the offer. Arriving at Rugby, the exchange manager there told him that he must return to farm work as he had three agricultural stamps at the beginning of his unemployment book.

So he had to travel back two hundred miles, is now penniless and out of work.

Wake up your officials, Mr. Bevin!

T.U.C. Hustles Agenda

This year's Trades Union Congress will last only three days.

Delegates, reluctant to spend time away from war work, will hustle through the agenda at record speed.

Surprising, therefore, that at this vital juncture of the war some trades unions are holding fourteen-day conferences.

Surely the N.U.R. annual meeting could have been restricted to three or four days?

Nazis Search Homes

In occupied France, Nazis are calling at every house in search of cash, securities and jewellery.

Householders are threatened with death if they refuse to part with their valuables, told that this penalty has already been imposed on people who tried to cheat the Nazi collectors.

There can be no mistake about the Nazis' desperate need of money, needed to buy war materials.

No doubt either of the shortage of many vital commodities!

£200 AIR RAID BENEFIT PAID

Reader's Gratitude

WE announced last week the payment of £200 benefit under our Free Air Raid Insurance to the dependants of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ramsbottom, both of whom were killed during an air raid on North-West England.

The eldest son writes us as follows:—

"Whilst the loss of my parents cannot be replaced, your timely aid and sympathy enable my younger brother and me to look forward to a more hopeful future with the certain knowledge that we can build up a new home to replace that so ruthlessly destroyed."

"John Bull" offers to every reader a £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to Comprehensive Household Benefits. If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay.

Registration forms can be cut from past issues or obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By THE EDITOR

HOPE

IF you were never proud of being British before, be proud of it to-day. This is your "immortal hour." Your fathers created a mighty Empire, and now you, and your kinsmen from overseas, have to defend it.

And *all that it stands for!*

Once before the anguished populations of an enslaved Continent reposed the same tremendous trust in the peoples of these little islands. We did not fail them then; we shall not fail them now.

We rekindled the dying embers of hope in hopeless countries.

We defeated Napoleon; we shall beat Hitler.

A COUNTRY READY TO DIE RATHER THAN SURRENDER DOES NOT PERISH, BUT LIVES TO CONQUER!

* * *

The Swastika is the banner of Despair. There is no hope for the conquered peoples who see it over their citadels.

Here there is always hope, and always has been. Britain is a great country, yet we mismanaged many things.

But we have never killed the hope that "springs eternal in the human breast." We have never robbed our people of ambition; never destroyed the urge to noble achievement.

"Hitlerism" does destroy that urge. It enslaves its conquered peoples.

Ambition is murdered in their hearts, and their hope dies with the death of freedom.

It follows that we must destroy our enemy, or be destroyed.

It is vain to imagine any escape from this alternative.

Some people may think that peace would be worth great sacrifices.

Such a defeatist may say, "I have so little to lose. What do a few small possessions matter? "What do little personal liberties count against the constant threat of danger?"

But they have not stopped to think that the poorest of the poor—those who have nothing material to lose at all—have not lost hope.

They cling to that while life endures.

Life would not be worth preserving under the abominable tyranny of Nazis. That is why we shall fight on—not to save our own skins, but to save the happiness of mankind!

* * *

Britain, they tell us, is the "last bastion" of freedom.

But how strong and challenging a bastion!

We have two million trained fighting men ready now to repel invasion.

AND NO FORCE THAT HITLER CAN LAND BY SEA OR AIR COULD BE COMPARABLE IN MERE NUMBERS TO BRITAIN'S LEGIONS OF DEFENCE.

AND THE BEST OF GERMANY'S CRACK TROOPS ARE INFERIOR IN FIGHTING QUALITY TO ANY OF OUR OWN.

That is not all.

Britain still possesses the mightiest Navy in the world. It is relatively far stronger now than when the war started.

The men of the British Navy are growing almost impatient for the Germans to try their boasted "invasion." They don't care what form of sea-borne attack may be attempted.

They are utterly confident that they can ravage the invaders before they land, and cut off from all retreat whatever remnant may secure a temporary foothold on our shores.

To reinforce the might of the Navy, there is now concentrated in these islands the most formidable Air Force Britain has ever raised. It grows stronger every day.

Without waiting to be attacked, it is using its deadly striking power by day and night, carrying this war far into Germany.

It has done colossal damage; it has sown terror in the hearts of millions of Germans.

AND THEIR ENDURANCE IS LESS THAN OURS BECAUSE THEIR FREEDOM IS SO MUCH LESS, THEIR IGNORANCE SO MUCH GREATER, THEIR HOPE OF HAPPINESS ALMOST EXTINCT.

* * *

Behind our immensely powerful fighting forces; behind the trained vigilance guarding land, sea and the wide skies is the indomitable purpose of all JOHN BULL'S sons and daughters.

"John Bull" does not exhort you to courage, because we know you do not lack it; nor yet to discipline and obedience, because in these things, too, you cannot fail.

But we do say this: Make ready to fight and insist on your right to do so.

Do not wait for the opportunity to serve.

Demand it.

If the authorities can't or won't find jobs for you, find them yourselves.

Learn to know your own village or your own home town.

If there is no official opening for you, enlist your friends in any defence measures that must be taken unofficially.

Take all the precautions you can for the safety of your own family, and then, with an easy mind and a clear conscience, make ready to man your defences.

The hope of the world is in our keeping, and the happiness of our children and our children's children is committed now and utterly to our guardianship.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Veterans in Arms

THERE is nothing easier than trying to escape from yourself. There is nothing more impossible to achieve.

Greatness or littleness: courage or despair: strength or weakness: helpfulness or helplessness: they are in each one of us. They are not to be found by searching: nor to be avoided by running away.

We can become whatever we care to make ourselves: not what someone else makes us. We must create our own reliance, stability and faith. No one can give it to us.

The poet Milton, writing of his famous contemporary Oliver Cromwell, said: "He was a soldier disciplined to perfection in a knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit learned, to subdue the whole host of vain hopes, fears and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, so that, on the first day he took the field against the external army, he was a veteran in arms."

The art of self-conquest rests chiefly on the ability to be honest with ourselves, to be able to recognise essentials from non-essentials, to be courageous enough to accept responsibility instead of trying to push it off on to others.

It depends on creating a solid foundation of faith and philosophy on which to build life.

Make sure of what you believe.

Then go on believing in it as hard as you can. Unless you have some solid ground on which to rest, you'll want to run away from yourself. Find something in which you can believe—*and believe in it.*

That is what is meant by having "principles." It is the only way to anchor ourselves to reality.

Our first enemy is ourself.

Until we can conquer this foe we are going to have a lot of unhappiness.

It is worth an effort to become, as Milton called Cromwell, "a veteran in arms." It is on such veterans that the future rests.

HANNEN SWAFFER

tells you about Lady Cynthia Colville, who is helping Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, to keep factory workers fit, happy and

Cheerful at Work

NEW brooms swept away a good deal of Whitehall's old lumber. But they have not swept away all the Officialdom responsible for the rubbish. Bureaucracy was too deeply entrenched.

Still, we must not lose sight of the vital reforms.

Ernest Bevin, realising that if you call on millions of workers to go on toiling for "twelve hours a day, seven days a week," you must also improve their working conditions, decided to have canteens and medical attendance for them.

So important was this considered, that Bevin himself became head of an advisory board.

This is now making suggestions to the consultative committee, of which Lady Cynthia Colville is the chairman.

Although a twin daughter of the first Marquis of Crewe, one of Asquith's Liberal aristocrats, and a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary, Lady Cynthia threw herself into social reform more than thirty years ago, when she was in her middle twenties.

Adopted a Black Spot

She adopted Shoreditch, then a real black spot, and did much to improve housing conditions.

In these days, there were 110,000 Shoreditch people living in a square mile. Now there are 84,000.

"I have no patience with leisured women who do not use their leisure intelligently," she declared.

So she became active in organisations concerned with medical psychology, child guidance, maternity welfare, housing and education.

Many down-and-outs can thank her for much.

One, an out-of-work painter, had, in extremity, become a burglar. Lady Cynthia met him in her welfare work, and he is now a diligent A.R.P. worker.

Yet she is not a sentimentalist.

"Elderly J.P.s are often too soft-hearted," she once declared. "They become 'sorry for the poor little girl,' who sometimes can twist them round her little finger."

Although she still defends Capitalism, she shocked the Church Congress two years ago by declaring that the selfishness and cupidity of man had nearly brought it to disaster.

"So long as a Christian business man thinks sharpness and 'doing the other man down' is a legitimate activity," she said, "so long as men buy things too cheaply for the producer to live decently and sell it at 300 per cent. profit; so long as men think and dream and talk of money, so long will the Christian spirit in our midst falter and droop."

Penalised for Kindness

Then she told the assembled bishops and clergy of a man in Shoreditch who had devoted three days' hard work to fitting gas masks in response to an appeal from the local authority. He had then been deprived by his employer of three days' pay, although the employer had urged him to do the work.

Lady Cynthia told another Church Assembly that it should indict the scales of relief, which were niggardly and administered with extreme harshness.

Lady Cynthia believes that it is not because of one class, but the well-meaning people of all classes that, gradually, we shall reach the New World.

Reform comes in various ways.

Lady Cynthia seems to pursue the most direct route.

She herself has outlined her new job.

"We are a sort of human sub-committee of the Ministry of Labour," she said, describing her latest war time work. "We wish to be real fairy godmothers.

"We want to see that every man, woman, boy and girl who is fighting for Britain in the workshops and factories is well cared for, physically fit and happy."

Now Ernest Bevin is determined to see that dream realised.

But he cannot do it all himself.

Lady Cynthia is typical of the intelligent people born in a class far from Bevin's, who are now helping him with his job.

George Slocombe, world-famous writer, one of the last Englishmen to leave France, says

"I've Been Through the Nazi Hoops"

Caught in the tidal wave of Nazi invasion, I now know how Britain can avoid the mistakes that caused the French to collapse

AVOID PANIC!

IF we are to repel successfully the Nazi invader Britain must learn this lesson first.

I know. I have been through the Nazi hoops during the last few weeks, and I have seen the terrible toll of panic.

I know because three weeks after I had watched the exodus of the civilian population from Holland, Belgium and northern France, I was a refugee, caught in the same tidal wave of invasion.

I know because I saw what happened when the French were not allowed to learn the lesson of Poland. And to achieve victory over any invaders, if they come, it is essential that Britain must learn the lesson that France ignored.

In avoiding panic, the Government must keep its head; the public must keep its head. It must be treated as a thinking person, not as a child. It must be told everything, truthfully and quickly. There must be no gag on vital news, still less on vital comment.

Not only must every village become a fortress in a gigantic scheme of defence, but also the winding English roads, so dangerous to motorists in peace time, should be utilised to the full in an anti-tank campaign.

All potential landing grounds must be guarded and trenched.

Authority must be in the hands of only a few patriots who know what to do.

These lessons must be learned, if you are to avoid what happened to me in France.

The peaceful village on the banks of the Seine that had watched the great evacuation, seeing day after day and night after night the endless streams of farm wagons and cars, pedestrians and bicycles, soldiers and civilians, retreating westwards from the invaded provinces, was evacuated in its turn.

The French peasants, among whom I had lived for fifteen years, turned their cattle, their chickens and their rabbits loose in the fields and set out sadly to share the lot of the millions of other homeless folk whose fate they had been deploring.

OUR village, like many others, was bombed and set on fire before it was evacuated. But bombs and incendiarism did not destroy France. Nor did tanks and parachute troops. Nor did enemy agents. Nor even refugees, although these constituted a definite military danger.

The real cause of the downfall of France was panic.

The nation lost its nerve.

The Army lost its nerve. The Government lost its nerve.

The refugees spread the tale of disaster. Fifth Column agents propagated reports of revolution and catastrophe.

Germans disguised as Belgian and French stragglers from the front told horrified audiences in village cafés of armies isolated and cut to pieces, of generals who had been taken prisoners, of the destruction of the British Fleet.

Rumours assumed gigantic proportions.

And the newspapers were gagged.

A stupid censorship blacked-out not only vital news but also vital editorial comment.

The nation was never told what was wrong.

The military commentators disguised the harsh and unpleasant reality of the military collapse and spoke optimistically of reducing the bulge, of cutting off and annihilating the German armoured columns, of great and victorious battles between armies of tanks.

The public realised that the German armies were advancing rapidly on Paris only when towns that had never been in the war news were suddenly found to have been occupied by the enemy.

And so France was lost.

Britain must also learn that roads should not be encumbered with refugees.

The invader must be fought yard by yard, house by house, street by street. Every village can be made a fortress for defence against tanks.

Every ditch, every tree, every barn, can be transformed into a sniper's post.

The fatal blunder of the Gamelin strategy was to attempt to defend France by a single front. Against armoured columns resistance can only be efficiently organised in depth.

FRANCE'S long straight roads and immense flat plains, without hedges or ditches, and often without trees, proved an easy path for motorised troops.

England's narrow roads, lined by ditches and high hedges, will be most useful in preparing anti-tank defences.

Speed will be only dangerous to enemy tanks on such roads. And the opportunities for enfilading fire are innumerable.

The next thing is to counter enemy espionage, propaganda and Fifth Column activities.

The failure to destroy bridges across the Meuse, which enormously aided the German break-through at Sedan, was due to Fifth Column men.

All key positions vital to Britain's security should be entrusted only to men of proven patriotism, not likely to lose their heads in an emergency. German agents in France betrayed considerable audacity.

It was an enemy agent who telephoned the fatal order of evacuation to the Prefect of the Aisne department.

This order, carried out without verification, abandoned a most valuable French territory to the Germans without a struggle.

It precipitated two million more refugees, many of whom had been doing important war work, on already crowded roads, creating further dislocation and adding to the risks of famine in the newly congested areas.

Other agents, speaking French and wearing French uniforms, carried what appeared to be authentic written orders to other responsible officials.

These orders were executed without any attempt to check their origin, causing still further confusion in the French war machine.

This confusion was made all the more facile because of the slowness of the Government machinery.

The more bureaucratic the machine, the more red tape, the fewer the human contacts, the easier it is to wreck it with a monkey-wrench.

In a time of danger, authority must be in the hands not of departments so much as of individuals. Every order must emanate from a man known and trusted.

There must be local leadership as well as national leadership.

When the central Government in France was deciding to capitulate, the nation was left without news, without direction, without leadership.

There were no regional chiefs to whom men might turn for guidance.

Even the radio was silent during these last fatal days.

BRITAIN must have no yawning chasm of uncertainty, ignorance and apprehension between the war leaders and the nation.

If the central Government is temporarily cut off from all communication with the people, a host of regional leaders, men of strength and character, must fill the gap.

Parachute troops, whether they come as single spies or in great battalions, are not a particular menace. There is nothing secret, mysterious or occult about this boasted "secret weapon" of Hitler.

Parachute troops have proved useful. They dropped under cover of a smoke cloud on the casemates of one of the larger Liege forts and captured it. But they have also fallen easily into the hands of comparatively unarmed civilians.

ALONE, **parachutists show little courage.**

They are very young men, only sure of themselves when they are many.

Hundreds of them were overpowered in France by resolute peasants armed with shotguns, or even with sticks and spades.

If the French nation had not been told that it was well defended by the Maginot Line and the Army;

If it had been encouraged to take, individually and collectively, a hand in national defence;

If every village and town, every house and farm, every road, every port, hundreds of miles behind the Maginot Line, had been transformed into an obstacle to invasion;

If every man and woman had been mobilised into a civilian army, there would have been no surrender.

If the civilian population had been allowed to share in the defence of France, there would have been no refugees, no panic, no surrender. Panic seizes on the idle and unoccupied, on the helpless and unarmed.

After the weeks of disorder, confusion, defeat and panic that ended in the tragic collapse of France; after weeks during which I saw all organised resistance dwindle and finally vanish, and every solid and unchanging virtue dissolve and disappear, it was an unforgettable experience to land from a British ship on British soil.

It was reassuring to see the green fields and green hills around a Western harbour, to hear English voices, and to see evidences of the calm, equable, unhurried, unimpressionable British character, firm as the rock of Gibraltar.

While that character stands unflinching, England is safe from any tyrant's Armada.

Every Shoulder to the Wheel

WITH every shoulder to the wheel, with every worker at his post, with every village on its guard, with every guard on hill and coast. With every hand its job to do, with every heart its hope to give, with every moment occupied, to this New Rhythm we will Live.

WITH every word used for our good, with every thought charged with plain sense, with every smile we'll gladly bear each burden of War's Expense. With every hand lent to the cause, with every penny wisely spent, with every idea and design into our Nation's Need deep blent.

WITH every scrap of waste well used, with every patch of earth enriched, with every hem and seam of Life well laid and most securely stitched. With every house a citadel where Fear and Terror can't invade, with every soul armoured by God, THIS IS THE ENGLAND WE HAVE MADE.

WITH every resolution set ready to face the Darkest Hour, with every prayer a parapet whereon we mount Faith's Guns of Power. With every Arsenal of Hope pouring forth weapons Heaven-forged, these are God's Armaments we'll use, the World to save, the Wrong to Scourge.

J. M.

OPEN LETTERS

Hitler Daren't Sneer Now : Ministry Muddlers Should Pay for Mistakes : Eligible Men Who can't get into the Army : Unwanted Soldier Left to Live on Parents

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER.—Day after day the people of Britain have waited for invasion. They have waited calmly, with complete assurance of inflicting on Hitler his first great defeat.

Day after day for weeks, people in our far-flung industrial areas have endured air raids. Never once have they shown any weakening of resolution or lack of courage.

They have no illusions of the severity of the struggle in which we are engaged. They do not base their fortitude on uncertain hopes of an easy victory.

But they have given you proof that the British character is as solid as ever; they will prove to Hitler that his sneers at our "degeneracy" were a costly delusion, as indeed he found at Dunkirk.

You will find, as head of a Government that has the public's confidence, that the ordinary people have changed Herbert Morrison's slogan to "Stick to It."

In your own words that will live longer in history than the most memorable speeches of Burke or Pitt:

"We shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills, WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER."

And we shall win.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN,
Wreay, Cumberland

DEAR SIR,—Of all the blistering tomfoolery imposed on the people by a chuckleheaded officialdom, the worst is restriction on food-growing.

For three months you tried to sell your potato crop to licensed dealers. Then, to save good food from rotting, you sold two tons without a licence. So you were dragged before the magistrates!

Good citizens, they let you off with a nominal fine of 5s. But the real offenders who should have been brought to court are the muddlers of the Ministry of Food.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR.—A workless man of twenty-four was accepted for the Grenadier Guards. Then it was found that he was ineligible for Army service because, as a joiner, he belonged to a Reserved Occupation.

Now he must loaf about, watching others do their bit.

His experience is typical of thousands of others.

I'm sure a man of your energy won't tolerate this absurdity much longer.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. R. FRASER,
Secretary, Dept. of Health for Scotland

DEAR SIR.—Let compassion move you to prompt action in this unusual case:

A Hawick man is a typhoid carrier. He has been unemployed for fifty-seven weeks. No firm dare employ him unless he is given a clean bill of health by your doctors, yet his "dole" has been stopped on the grounds that he is a fit man and could find work if he wanted to.

His savings are exhausted. Worry is killing his wife.

Pay him full disablement benefit, or try to find him a job yourself.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEFS OF PERSONNEL,
The Fighting Forces

DEAR SIRS,—Your slow-motion officials are responsible for much hardship.

A sick soldier, recommended for discharge last January, was sent home. He has had to live on his aged parents. He cannot get work, the "dole," or even a ration book until his discharge papers come through.

An airman, also awaiting discharge, finds himself penniless. The local authority has offered him a food voucher for his wife and child.

I receive many similar complaints—and I'm sick of the inefficiency they reveal.—JOHN BULL

Rt. Rev. BASIL BATTY,
Bishop of Fulham

MY LORD,—Your appeal to my generosity merely makes my eyebrows rise. Surely the Church of England is wealthy enough to aid those British chaplains who, forced to leave countries now occupied by the enemy, now find themselves hard up.

An appeal for public funds is ill-timed and should certainly be unnecessary.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Mitcham

GENTLEMEN,—Has the heat made some of your officials drowsy?

It seems so.

A reader tells me that he has been a dozen times to your offices, telephoned even more often, about a flooded Anderson shelter in his garden. Other people in his street have made similar complaints.

They have been assured that the shelters will be made fit for use. But nothing is done.

These are days when delay may cause death.—JOHN BULL.

Dame BERYL OLIVER,
V.A.D. Commandant

DEAR MADAM,—I don't believe the Ministry of Health really wants to recruit temporary nurses for war hospitals.

If it did it would not object to paying V.A.Ds a £10 uniform grant, and £5 a year towards upkeep of uniform.

It would not supply complete equipment to the women in khaki, and make Red Cross and St. John workers depend on their private resources.

I imagine your feelings on the subject are as bitter as mine.—JOHN BULL.

General H. C. B. WEMYSS,
Adjutant-General to the Forces

DEAR GENERAL.—Hoping to beat the record of his father—a major who won the D.S.O.—one young man is pining for the chance to show himself a good soldier. But he's kept back as an officer's batman.

Another officer's servant is a skilled aero-mechanic.

Answering the Army's call for bakers, a captain of the last war volunteered for re-enlistment and is now a corporal. But he hasn't done a day's baking in four months.

Give the right job to the right man and you'll make your forces still more effective.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Your intentions in granting power to local authorities to take over neglected land are admirable. But you'll have to see that they make no exceptions.

I know a lord mayor of a famous city who has allowed acres of his own land to become derelict and weed-infested.

His position mustn't save him from a compulsory order.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—One of the best reforms you've made in a top-heavy Department is to appoint a director of enquiries.

He won't waste hours in writing notes to other departments; he'll deal with every complaint by going directly to the official responsible and seeing that the matter is put right.

A common-sense improvement? Yes, but a gigantic revolution in the cumbersome machinery of the Civil Service.

It should be adopted by every Ministry, for peace as well as war. Then ordinary citizens will really be able to make their voice heard in Whitehall.—JOHN BULL.

Steel Monsters of Defence

Britain's steel monsters of defence, now being produced at top speed amid the sweat and din at the Armaments Factory Assembly Lines, will add a new chapter to tank warfare

★

TWENTY-FOUR hours a day, six and a half days a week, Britain's "more tanks" factories strive to more than double production figures.

But Mr. G. Burton, the Ministry of Supply's civilian Director-General of Tanks and Transport, and its representative on the new Tank Board, is not content to let progress stop there.

As managing director of a Small Arms Company he was praised by every worker as "the boss who can do every job in the factory."

He knows what can be done, and he knows tanks inside out. This is a multi-sided job that can be fully appreciated only after a tour of inspection of a typical factory, where land battleships are now leaving testing grounds at an unprecedented rate.

In the din of the assembly line, where the medium "cruiser" type monster is built, you realise that it is easier "talking tanks" than making them.

In every one of these there are several thousand parts, requiring fifty thousand machining and assembling operations. More than four hundred different machine tools are used in the process.

Tools are made on the spot by operatives who are among the most skilled craftsmen in the armaments industry.

Ingenious economy methods enable discharged oil to be purified through pipes and cleaners and used again, and water for cooling to be re-circulated without wastage.

The general assembly shop consists of five bays, devoted to a phase of the process of piecing together the land battleship.

In one bay workers are laying down the right and left hand sides of tank hulls in parallel rows.

In another muscular arms are bolting into position armour-plate, installing gears, engines, oil tanks, radiators, and fitting tracks and gun turrets.

After a run on the testing ground, the tanks are ready for inspection by a Ministry of Supply official.

Back in the assembly shop turrets are being constructed ready for guns to be mounted and radio installed.

Turrets are next fitted to the tanks proper, and the completed vehicles, loaded with weights to represent guns, ammunition and so on, pass out to the testing ground for final trials.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

STOP TRICKERY OF WAR-DODGERS

LET no one doubt that every man and woman in the arms industry is determined to follow Mr. Herbert Morrison's advice and Go To It.

If there have been flaws in our war effort—and some flaws are inevitable in so vast a task—they are not the fault of the men at the bench.

One man, employed in an essential war factory, found that his employer was "going slow" on orders that did not yield high profits. Often the machines were kept idle.

He wrote to me. Satisfied that his complaint was well founded, I communicated with the appropriate Cabinet Minister.

The Secretary of State assured JOHN BULL that the system of official inspection was so rigorous that the report was unlikely to be true. But within a few days my correspondent wrote to me again.

"You certainly brought about an overhaul of the factory," he declared. "A small army of officials have been rummaging into every corner of the place.

"Some orders have been withdrawn from our boss—but we're all on full time again."

I quote this case as evidence of our Ministers' eagerness to remedy incompetence and remove difficulties.

And I know that, with my readers' help, every brake on Britain's drive to Victory can be lifted.

One letter on my desk is from a man who has sacked himself in disgust at the idling in an aero-factory where he was employed.

Another tells of half-time in a great iron foundry.

A third reports that he and his mates play cards in working hours because of lack of raw materials.

I hear of inspectors wasting time in argument about the size of an unimportant screw; of factories that could turn out forty bombers a month and produce one a week instead; of overseers who take two and a half hours for lunch.

In my possession is a cigarette-box.

It is a sample of the trinkets made by air frame workers for their directors because they have nothing else to do.

All these incredible scandals have been reported by me to the Government. I can assure you that prompt action has been taken.

This is a way in which the humblest worker can have his grievance brought directly to the shrewd attention of such busy Ministers as Mr. Morrison, Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Bevin.

"Full-Speed Ahead" is the slogan in this ordnance factory; but there's slacking elsewhere

WITH your help, JOHN BULL can put an end to muddle and mess, not only in war factories, but also in the civic life of the nation.

Many letters from public-spirited housewives, clergymen and other people have enabled me to give highly important information to the police.

None of us, I hope, wishes to play the part of a sneak. But there is nothing dishonourable in seeking to strengthen the country's defences and to bring wrongdoers to book.

I urge you to continue to write to me on any aspect of war or crime. Rest assured that I shall respect your confidence.

Even if you have no information to give, but merely want to express your point of view, your letters will be welcome.

Whether you wish for my advice or to offer advice, I shall remain at your service.

* * *

ALTHOUGH most people are either taking part in the war or "awaiting orders," there is one contemptible class left.

The Artful Dodgers.

The people who aren't going to run a risk if they can help it, who won't be inconvenienced, who refuse to pay any price whatsoever for citizenship.

Among the few selfish women who have not yet learned that the outcome of this war is as important to them as to anybody else are those who refuse to have their home life upset.

Ealing Council, seeking accommodation for people evacuated from the seaside resorts, has received medical certificates tendered by healthy looking women "whose nerves couldn't stand the strain of looking after strangers."

* * *

SOME people have been found to have beds in the homes of three or four relatives. They move from house to house.

There are many such family conspiracies, designed to prove to the authorities that nobody in the family has a room to spare.

The Minister of Agriculture told the owners of building land recently that if they didn't turn such land over to food production he would make them.

The artful dodgers have tricked him.

They have let the grass grow on such land for a week or so. They have cut it, and raked it into pathetic little haystacks.

Now, pretending that the land has already done its bit in the national cause, they are hoping he won't touch it.

* * *

OWNERS of a London estate of flats harvested a few pounds' worth of hay in this way from land which, turned over to the tenants, would have yielded bumper crops of vegetables.

They have saved their grass—even if getting a hay crop from it has made it somewhat coarse.

Too many Artful Dodgers are escaping Army service.

Workhouse masters report huge numbers of new tramps of a kind never known before. Police are investigating.

Many more instances of healthy men of military age getting invalids to impersonate them are being unearthed.

Some young men with no real interest in politics have made mild Fascist speeches, preferring internment to soldiering.

There are so-called Englishmen who claim to have been born abroad.

It isn't always easy, nowadays, for the authorities to get certificates from foreign countries.

There are also Dodgers of rationing.

One woman, it has been found, registered her dog as a human being—to get human rations for her pet.

One and all, they are a contemptible lot.

If there is to be fighting, they want you to do it.

Of course, these contemptible people are only a small percentage in a nation resolved to give everything for victory. Even so, they must be indicted

THE GREATEST OF THESE . . .

"I AM beginning to wonder whether life is worth living," writes Mrs. Cooper, of Warrington, Lancashire. "There seems no hope of my ever being able to make ends meet. I am worried to death.

"My husband has worked for only a few weeks since he was discharged from the Army, a complete invalid, at the end of the last war.

"He was wounded four times, and each time he was sent back to France for another 'packet.' When eventually he left the Army, he had been so badly gassed that he suffered never-ending pain in his eyes. For years he was unable to sleep, and now he has lost the use of his legs.

"At first, I went out to work, but now I must stay at home to care for him and our two children who are still of school age. My husband has no pension."

Raymond's father a victim of the last war, is unable to buy him the things he needs

Enquiries reveal that there are two children working; an eighteen-years-old son, putting in seven days a week, earns forty-four shillings; a crippled girl of fifteen adds another fourteen shillings. Rent is twelve shillings a week, and the family must exist on what is left.

Mrs. Cooper's former employer, having known her for twenty years, says she is hard working, trustworthy, and always doing her duty as a wife and mother.

Please help her!

Donations for this distressed mother should be earmarked "Wrecked," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to anonymous donors.

Side-Street Shylocks ★ Preyed on a Cripple ★ Black-Hearted Lothario

PREYING on women who are left short of money through an accidental delay in payment of Army allowances, private women moneylenders are now haunting blocks of working-class flats, offering to help, then charging exorbitant rates of interest. There are authenticated instances of their demanding 500 per cent. interest a year—on a loan of £1.

These female Shylocks, lending money to housewives who are in difficulties through some minor extravagance, add blackmail to their meanness.

They threaten to reveal the transaction to husbands unless women pay even higher rates of interest.

Army officers, finding that their pay does not at times entirely meet the demands on their pockets, have fallen victims to these usurers, who also lurk in side-streets of the suburbs.

And as to be rid of them means unwelcome publicity, these men go on paying through the nose.

Not only could the Government's emergency powers be used to destroy these wretches, but also many protection societies exist to protect borrowers.

Don't let yourself be robbed.

CAN you imagine a man with a soul so dead that he would prey on a bed-ridden cripple boy? Yet that is only one of the despicable misdeeds for which a man, posing as F. Milne, of Rose Hill Park, West Sutton, Surrey, must be held responsible.

To help in passing away the lonely hours, the bed-ridden boy ransacked his money-box, sent Mister Milne 7s. 6d. for a book on mechanics. He never even received an acknowledgment.

But that is typical of this bald-headed, bare-faced scoundrel.

THERE'S no mean trick to which "Milne" will not turn a hand. He offers to sell anything from radio sets to shoes, knowing well that once you have given him the money he'll pass on to the next town without even pretending to find the goods for you.

When not offering to sell things that he doesn't possess, he spins a pitiful tale, posing as a widower who has lost three wives. And this sallow-faced, forty-year-old rogue is soon telling another sympathetic woman that she alone can console him.

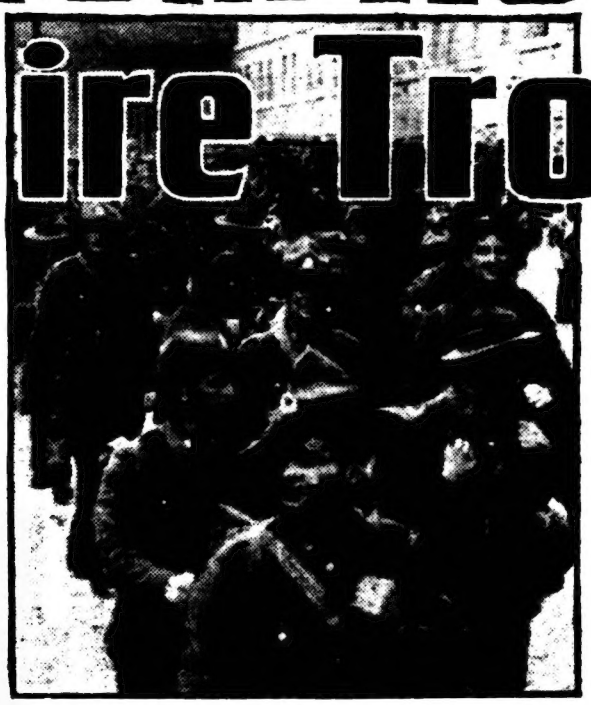
But he is a black-hearted Lothario. He disappears as soon as he has milked his "fiancée's" bank account, often leaving her in the lurch after the marriage banns have been read in church.

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's guinea goes to Mr. James Shedden, St. Andrew's Road, Glasgow, S.1, for information that has proved useful to my investigators.

All readers can help in this great public service.

News From Home For Empire Troops



TERRIER PLAN IN CANADA

YOU find them everywhere you go in London's West End. They stand out from the rest of the people who are hurrying along the pavements, shuffling into cinemas and bustling about the restaurants.

Even if they didn't wear the uniforms of Britain's Empire troops, you'd know them as men of the world's great open spaces.

They are tanned, iron-muscled and smiling. They've got something that others seem to have missed.

Everybody has seen them; everybody has talked to them. They're a jolly lot, not given to silence in the presence of strangers. Well, here's a page of news about them—and for them. It's JOHN BULL'S *welcome to the tough guys, the laughing cavaliers of the open spaces.*

* * *

Authority has been granted for the formation of eleven Territorial regiments, into which will be grouped all rifle, machine-gun and tank units of the Canadian Active Service Force, and Non-Permanent Active Canadian Militia.

The object is to give military units not mobilised an opportunity to participate more in the war effort and to aid reinforcements for units overseas.

Cavalry regiments may also be called upon to supply reinforcements.

The physical standards for enlistment in the Canadian Active Service Force have been considerably lowered. Minimum height is now 5 ft. instead of 5 ft. 4 in.

* * *

Canada continues her round-up of Fifth Column adherents. In addition to Adrian Arcand, self-styled "Fuehrer" of the National Unity Party in Quebec, raids have been carried out in Vancouver, New Westminster, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

* * *

A Vancouver judge sentenced Mrs. Elizabeth Bronny to two years' imprisonment and a fine of 500 dollars for having in her possession maps of an internment camp in Alberta. Her husband was interned as a Nazi agent at the beginning of the war.

In Ottawa two men enjoyed only thirty minutes' freedom after release from jail. Mounties met them and escorted them off to an unknown destination on the instructions of the Minister of Justice.

* * *

More than 800 women of Montreal have registered for the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps, organised on the lines of the W.A.A.F. in England. They will be known as Canadian Beavers.

The forest rangers and lumbermen of Northern Quebec will be organised into a vast vigilance brigade to keep watch for enemy aircraft.

* * *

A new Canadian link with the Pacific has been completed. The Premier of British Columbia, Mr. T. D. Pattulo, has officially opened the Big Head Bend Highway, which connects the Prairie Provinces with the Pacific Coast and completed the 193-miles-long western section of the Trans-Canada Railway.

* * *

Herman Trelle, of Wembley, Alberta, several times crowned Wheat King at the Chicago International Show, is wearing khaki. He has enlisted as a sapper in the Royal Canadian Engineers. Trelle is forty-five.

* * *

Montreal police and firemen throughout Quebec will soon start preparing and repairing thousands of toys for refugee children. They have been busy for months doing the same for the children of men on active service.

* * *

Deeply enthralled by Britain's military traditions, Canadian troops show an amazing knowledge of cap badges and battle honours, often surprising men from famous Highland regiments by telling them what their battalions did in the last war.

NEW ZEALANDER'S "COLD STEEL"

SMILING Bill Cameron, strong-jawed, iron-framed, once a lumberman in South Australia, and a farmer in New Zealand until he enlisted, told the knot of New Zealand troops who were standing around him in the Strand what he thought of Nazi terror methods.

"There's only one way to treat a Jerry," said he, "and I've never seen a German yet who wouldn't run a mile when he saw eighteen inches of cold steel pointed at his belly. That's the way to treat him—with cold steel."

And as he went on to tell the lads around him what happened in the bare bayonet charges of the last war, an inspiring light came into their eyes.

* * *

A big N.Z. food drive is announced by Mr. F. Langstone, Acting Minister of Agriculture. The Government aims at maintaining butter output at last season's level, an increase in cheese output of from 15,000 to 20,000 tons, and an increase of 10,000 tons in bacon production.

* * *

Colonel H. C. Hurst has offered to raise for service overseas in any military capacity whatever a special force of 1,000 returned soldiers and ex-regulars. The proposal is that these troops should act as a special military reserve in any emergency and counter Fifth Column activities.

* * *

New Zealanders who have come from "down under" for their second smack at the Germans have one definite idea.

They're determined to do a job that will stay put this time.

"Out back where I come from," said Sandy Roberts, "we don't believe in taking two licks at a lump of salt. This time we are going to do the job properly. We'll all be back here some time—but not as soldiers!"

* * *

He was merely echoing the certain conviction of the pioneer spirit, the conviction that, this time, "the job" *must*, and *will*, "stay put."

And so they've come, these cattlemen, farmers, gold-miners, lumber-jacks, engineers, accountants, sheep-raisers, well-drillers, cane-cutters, boundary riders and dairymen from "down under" to help us out "at home."

* * *

Although it may be more than a hundred years since the forebears of New Zealanders left Britain, these fighting lads still refer to this country as "home." They come from "out back," and you'd think they'd come home to prevent the family farm falling into the hands of the wicked money-lender.

WOMEN DOCTORS FOR AUSSIES

WOMEN doctors are to be appointed to the Australian Military Forces for service abroad and at home. They will have the rank of captain, with full opportunities for promotion, and will wear a distinctive uniform.

* * *

Greeks in Australia have pledged themselves to stand by the Commonwealth, irrespective of the attitude and circumstances Greece may be compelled to follow. They will share any sacrifice which may be needed in raising the National Defence Fund and helping Australia's war effort.

* * *

Thousands of New South Wales children are giving their savings to the Commonwealth war effort. Combined donations drive already totals £4,000.

* * *

Sydney Yacht Clubs, inspired by the example of British yachtsmen at Dunkirk, are making a survey of man-power available for service abroad in the R.N. Volunteer Reserve, which is inviting applications from qualified yachtsmen.

* * *

Australia has opened a new giant airfield at Amberley, Queensland. Amberley is expected to become the most important R.A.A.F. Station in the State, replacing Archerfield.

* * *

Owen Eugene Geary, manager of Australian Chemical Company, Brisbane, was killed and Herbert Hermann injured when explosives under the rumble seat of their sports car ignited at Mount Edwards.

* * *

South Australia has begun training of R.S.L. Volunteer Reserve Corps under leadership of Brigadier-General Leane. Ex-soldiers are enthusiastic recruits.

* * *

When war broke out Bob Miller was riding boundary on a cattle station about a hundred miles out from Lefroy's homestead in the Kimberley district of Western Australia.

As soon as the news came through he borrowed a horse, hacked 150 miles across country to pick up a camel team, and then rocked another 310 miles to the nearest rail-head, where he caught a train to take him the remaining 400 miles to Perth and enlistment.

* * *

"Aw, it was nuthin'," said Bob Miller. "Some of the fellers I know have done some real travellin' at times. During the Big Drought, one of the fellers on our station started down the Overland Route with twelve hundred head. It was two years and a bit before he delivered 'em!"

* * *

Harry Brown isn't quite so bronzed as the rest of his A.I.F. contingent.

He stands about five feet eight in his socks, has a fair complexion and an irrepressible sense of humour.

He has worked in the arsenic plant of a gold-mine in the Wiluna district, 700 miles from Sydney.

"It was the easiest job I ever had," he said. "Instead of being 'ticked off' for not working hard enough, we used to get 'bounced' if we worked too hard.

"You see," he went on, "if you work hard you start to sweat, and the arsenic floating around in the air gets into your skin through the enlarged pores.

"That means the company's faced with a stiff bill for medical treatment, and maybe for compensation. So when you start to sweat the foreman makes you sit down and rest!"

* * *

Australia's famous "Bare Bayonet" Regiments are here.

Men of these regiments never fire a bullet if they can possibly get close enough to use their "pig-stickers." They are men of the regiments that added such glorious epics as Gallipoli, Suvla, Anzac Cove, Poperinghe, "Villers Bret." and Hill 60 to British military history.

Keep Your Eye on the

HOW IS THE WORLD LINING UP IN FACE OF THE NAZI BARBARIANS? LET US ASSUME FOR A MOMENT THAT HITLER'S ATTACK ON BRITAIN HAS BEEN CRUSHED AND CONSIDER WHAT FACES US THEN

Says A. G. GARDINER

BRITAIN'S fate, and with it the fate of the whole world, is in the balance.

On the issue of the storm that has burst upon this island depends whether civilisation is to survive or barbarism is to possess the earth.

Let there be no mistake. If this last fortress of liberty in Europe falls, gangsterism will sweep the world, and the whole fabric of civilisation will collapse in universal anarchy.

IF IT WITHSTANDS THE STORM, WE SHALL HAVE "SAVED OURSELVES BY OUR EXERTIONS AND THE WORLD BY OUR EXAMPLE."

IT IS NOT SUGGESTED BY THIS THAT THE DEFEAT OF THE INVASION WOULD FORCE AN EARLY DECISION IN OUR FAVOUR. WE HAVE HAD TOO MANY SHOCKS IN THE PAST THREE MONTHS TO TAKE REFUGE IN COMFORTABLE ILLUSIONS.

Hitler is now secure of abundant iron ore supplies from France and from Spain. The strain on our Naval resources is enormously increased. That strain is further intensified by the loss to us of the active help of part of the French Navy.

The effect of that loss is already visible in the disquieting increase in the shipping losses in the Bay and off the South-West of Ireland, which in the early months of the war were patrolled by the French destroyers.

Fortunately, Mr. Churchill's bold action has prevented the French Navy being turned against us.

In face of these and other gains, a dramatic collapse of the enemy following the defeat of the invasion is not to be looked for. We must surrender the popular idea that "Germany cannot survive another war winter." It was never much more than a case of the wish being father to the thought, and we shall do well to dismiss it from our calculations once and for all.

BUT THE DEFEAT OF THE INVASION WOULD HAVE VAST AND, I BELIEVE, ULTIMATELY DECISIVE REPERCUSSIONS ON THE STRUGGLE.

IT WOULD BE A SHATTERING BLOW TO HITLER'S PRESTIGE.

To fail in this crowning purpose of his policy would shake the fiction of his invincibility to its foundations both in Germany and in the world. It is that fiction, the belief that nothing could halt his career of terror and revenge, that created a fatalistic defeatism first in Germany and then throughout the neighbouring State and enabled him to clamp his manacles on Europe.

Nothing succeeds like success, and it is the success inspired by terror working through fear that has given him his victories.

IMAGINE THE ELECTRICAL EFFECT WHICH THE DISCOVERY THAT THE TYRANT HAD FEET OF CLAY WOULD HAVE IN FRANCE, IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, IN POLAND, IN HOLLAND, IN NORWAY, IN BELGIUM—EVERYWHERE, BUT MOST OF ALL IN GERMANY ITSELF.

But beyond the moral disaster would be the material consequence. The *Blitzkrieg* would have failed. The tornado would have blown itself out in vain. The whole war would have changed its character.

Let us assume, as I think we may, that the invasion has spent its force and been rolled back and that the war has become a war of attrition. What would be the calculable and incalculable factors of the struggle?

Let us suppose that August 15 has passed, that autumn has come, and that this island is still unconquered and apparently unconquerable.

Hitler, with his programme shattered in its most vital particular and with his prestige shaken to that extent both at home and abroad, is still master of the Continent west of the Vistula and from the Baltic to the shores of the Mediterranean. His jackal at Rome is still obediently on the leash, and it may be that Hitler has in the meantime tightened his grip on Spain.

But the *Blitzkrieg* has failed, the war goes on, and winter is coming upon Germany and all the desolated lands with which her crimes have surrounded her.

Famine there may be, terrible deficiencies there must be, and everywhere, from Paris to Prague, from Warsaw to Oslo, from Amsterdam to Brussels, there will be silent, suffering and rebellious peoples, shuddering

World Public Enemies Nos. 1 and No. 2 when they met at Munich to carve up France. These men, and all they stand for, are the target we must never lose sight of in all the surprises that may yet come

Argue it Out — *By Pallas*

GOD BLESS THEM ALL!

If you would know the political and moral condition of a people, ask as to the position of its women.—ALME-MARTIN.

EARLY in the war, when U-boats were doing their damndest against our shipping, a letter reached me from a mercantile marine officer.

It was such a source of inspiration that I kept it.

"*One line in my wife's letter stands out like a steamer caught in a searchlight's rays,*" wrote the officer. "*It is 'Each night I pray.'*

"*Each night she prays for us men of the seas, who more often than not have sneered openly upon bible-reading and psalm-singing folk; men who for years have failed to enter a Church of God; we are being prayed for with a sincerity and earnestness that pass all understanding. . . .*

"*The pains and agonies of war are in the long watches of the sleepless nights our mothers, our wives, our children, keep.*

"*It needs courage, the courage to keep going, the courage without which no nation can conquer . . . Mothers and wives, God bless them all!*"

Since that letter was written Britain has suffered blow after blow.

Hitler has overrun Europe; French pride and honour are trampled; Italy has come in like a hungry vulture waiting to be fed.

Britain is an armed camp, an island invested with the supreme task of keeping undimmed the light of liberty.

Yet in these dark days the morale of the nation is as sound and as staunch as ever—nay, sounder, for reverses in battle have always stiffened the resistance of our people.

* * *

THANK God our women carry on the stout traditions of the breed.

All over the country you will find them doing their bit, toiling with the best of men, sacrificing home life, leisure, sleep, to strengthen the home front against the threat of invasion.

One woman I know who, for reasons of economy, had to lay up her little car, has, at considerable sacrifice, licensed it again so that she might work, unpaid, for the Motor Transport Corps.

"It's not much I'm doing," she said, "but it's something."

Another woman friend whom I met the other day confessed that she had been on ambulance duty the whole of the previous night.

She was bright-eyed and cheerful, her only grouse being that her tailor had failed to deliver her uniform by the agreed time.

You will find women putting in long hours at canteens.

The food they serve to the troops must taste all the better because of the smiling courage with which they are served.

* * *

HISTORY, as Miss Wilkinson pointed out in her recent broadcast, has shown that the firmness of a people's resistance depends on the women.

Men, backed by courageous womenfolk, have ever fought better as soldiers.

Soft, craven women, shedding tears and whimpering fears, can sap the morale of a man more quickly than any other factor.

Well, I've yet to meet a faint-hearted woman.

The way women of all classes have buckled to, the way they have given a lead to the men (if such a lead were needed), and the fortitude and courage they have shown, are pointers to the ultimate victory for which we all are working.

Women are tilling the land, turning out shells, making delicate gun parts and aircraft parts, tending gardens, driving ambulances, acting as A.R.P. wardens.

They have gone to it with a cheerfulness and determination that should make every man in the land, from King and Premier downwards, thankful for the splendid stock from which they have sprung.

Not a home in the land has not felt in some form or other the impact of war.

Not a family has escaped the common lot of sacrifice and duty.

And the women, as is the lot of women, have borne the greater part of the burden on the home front.

They have accepted without complaint blackout, rationing, evacuation, rising prices and numerous other problems created in the past ten months.

And they have found the time to help in putting this armed camp of ours into order.

Above all, they have been a source of strength; an inspiration that brings constant courage and a renewed resolve to fight for them and with them until the brightness of victorious peace scatters the dark clouds of war.

Mothers and wives, God bless them all!

Target

under the terror of the Gestapo and praying for the hour of deliverance.

BUT THIS IS NOT ALL. WITH THE *BLITZKRIEG* HITLER'S VAST WAR MACHINE WILL HAVE PASSED ITS PEAK AND EXHAUSTED ITS RESERVES, ESPECIALLY ITS RESERVES OF OIL.

In face of the blockade and the maintenance of a war of attrition, the replacement of those reserves can be effected in only one of two ways.

Even if, as seems probable, Hitler secures the whole available output of Rumania, it will not meet his enormous requirements.

Indeed, in the matter of lubricating oil, which is his most urgent need, Rumania has nothing to offer. Russia, if Stalin were so disposed, might help him, but the only adequate supply would involve a desperate plunge through the Balkans and Asia Minor to the Mosul oilfields.

BUT APART FROM THE FORMIDABLE OBSTACLES OF THE BRITISH FLEET AND THE BRITISH AND TURKISH ARMIES IN THE NEAR EAST, THERE IS THE FACTOR OF RUSSIA TO BE RECKONED WITH.

AND STALIN IS INSCRUTABLE. HE HAS FEATHERED HIS OWN NEST OUT OF HIS DEAL WITH RIBBENTROP, AND HE HAS BARBED IT ON THE BALTIC AND THE BLACK SEA AGAINST THE ONLY ENEMY HE HAS TO FEAR. HITLER IS THAT ENEMY, AND NOTHING IS LESS LIKELY THAN THAT STALIN WOULD WITNESS AN IRRUPTION BY GERMANY INTO THE BALKANS AND ASIA MINOR UNMOVED.

Turn to the other side of the picture I have ventured to paint of the position, should the conquest of England not be consummated.

We should emerge with our command of the seas of the world unimpaired, with our supplies secure, with our productive power enormously enhanced, with our dominion of the air as securely established as our dominion of the sea, with an army as formidable and as well equipped as any in the world, and with a battle-cry which would gather to its banner all who love liberty in every land.

WE SHOULD EMERGE WITH AN EMPIRE, A COMMONWEALTH OF FREE NATIONS, BORN ANEW AND TRANSFIGURED BY THE TERRIFIC ORDEAL THROUGH WHICH IT HAD PASSED, AND RESOLUTE, IN THE GREAT WORDS OF LINCOLN, "TO FINISH THE WORK WE ARE IN: TO BIND UP THE NATION'S WOUNDS, TO CARE FOR HIM WHO SHALL HAVE BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND HIS ORPHAN—TO DO ALL WHICH MAY ACHIEVE AND CHERISH A JUST AND LASTING PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH ALL NATIONS."

And the mention of Lincoln reminds me that we shall not always be alone in the task of saving the world from slavery and the Christian civilisation from barbarism. Every day events across the Atlantic are bringing the mighty democracy of the West into line with its great past and its historic heritage of human liberty.

And with the greatest power-house in the world hitched to our cause, how can we doubt the ultimate victory?

But that ultimate victory depends upon our steadfastness in the immediate peril that threatens all that we hold dear. To-day you and I and each of us are in the battle front. It is our hour of destiny. Let us be worthy of the challenge:

Who lives if England dies?
Who dies if England lives?

Regular "visitors" to Germany, this crew of a Whitley bomber worked together perfectly. Five men include pilot, reserve pilot, who is also bomb aimer and navigator, radio operator and twogunners

TEAM WORK IN THE SKIES

By Maurice Fagence

THERE is a trace of worry on the face of a young Air Force pilot who never loses his coolness even when Messerschmitts are on his tail.

His C.O. understands. So do his fellow-pilots in the mess.

Through exigencies of the Service, his air-gunner has gone up with another man. And not till he is back will that pilot breathe freely again.

There is no jealousy about it.

Multiply by ten that wonderful spirit which we used to call the "comradeship of the trenches" in the last war and you have the "comradeship of the cockpit" of to-day.

There isn't a member of a British air crew who doesn't consider the lives of the other members more than his own.

The moment they take off to face peril as if it were a normal thing in man's life they cease to regard themselves as having a separate existence.

Each considers himself as part of a perfect whole—the crew.

Vital Training

They may have learned piloting, navigating, observing, machine-gunning, radio telephone operating and so on as separate individuals—but they don't consider that training. Civilians learn such things in peace time.

It is when three, four, five or more men who understand and have confidence in one another are grouped together that real training—operational training, as it is unromantically called—begins.

What an air-gunner sees through the sights of his gun isn't what he is going to hit when the machine is manœuvring. All sorts of allowances have to be made for the movements of the aircraft.

The more the gunner understands his pilot, the quicker he is able to bring a murderous fire on an enemy machine.

Then it is good for a pilot to know the form of attack at which his gunner excels. He knows that if only he can get his craft in the right positional relationship to the enemy it is good-bye to another Nazi machine.

In operational training each learns the other man's good points—and weaknesses.

Then, when they are flying in face of the enemy as a crew, they go on learning.

The good pilot will know that young "Sparks" is apt to be knocked out by extreme cold.

He will always be watchful—ready to come down a thousand feet or so to give "Sparks" an easier passage.

This wonderful understanding of each other grows until it embraces small and seemingly unimportant things.

Within the perfect crew one man knows all the other men's weaknesses for such things as peppermints, boiled sweets, nuts, chewing-gum, raisins!

What a pal is the man who can produce just what you want 18,500 feet up, at dead of night, with the enemy about, and when ice forming on the wings is gradually forcing you lower and lower!

See a big machine "touching down" on the aerodrome at four or five in the morning.

No sign of life appears from the machine for some time, for a strange reluctance to get out afflicts crews after a long journey.

Cramped legs have to be straightened out.

You will hear the groans of the owners of these limbs as the joints creak. Faces sometimes have to be patted, hands rubbed.

Hear the talk as the crew ambles to its quarters, fighting to recover full use of its legs.

"I'm sorry, sir," a man will tell his pilot, "but your landing was a distinct 'boob.' I shall have to mention it."

Mention it to Authority?

Oh, no. Some squadrons have what is known as a Boob Fund, and any man guilty of an error of judgment has to pay sixpence or a shilling into it. Proceeds go to Squadron Funds.

Bob's-worth of "Actually"

You'll hear a pilot tell his air-gunner:—

"Twice I heard you use the word 'actually.' I'm afraid it will mean a bob up your sleeve, at very least."

"Actually" is a forbidden word in three squadrons.

There are Actually Funds to collect cash from offenders. One squadron has a Frightfully Fund, and another an Awfully Fund.

By such watchfulness at the expense of the other man, crews find it easier to while away the long, cold, dangerous hours.

And so on till the pilot sits down with his crew around him to assemble the report—which might well occupy them for three or four hours.

Wonderful men—every member of every air crew.

Three weeks ago a pilot was baling out from a blazing craft when he became aware that his observer, whom he had thought was floating down to safety with the others, was hanging head-down from the burning, dropping machine.

Although it was 100 to 1 that it would cost him his own life, he crawled round the machine to kick the ropes away. It was a miracle that both were saved.

There are dozens of stories like that.

It took seven hours of a perishingly cold night for a crew that had taken to parachutes in Suffolk to be collected together.

Not one man would touch food until he had the others produced to him.

"Flying Families"

The Germans know something of the spirit that exists in the cockpits of British aircraft.

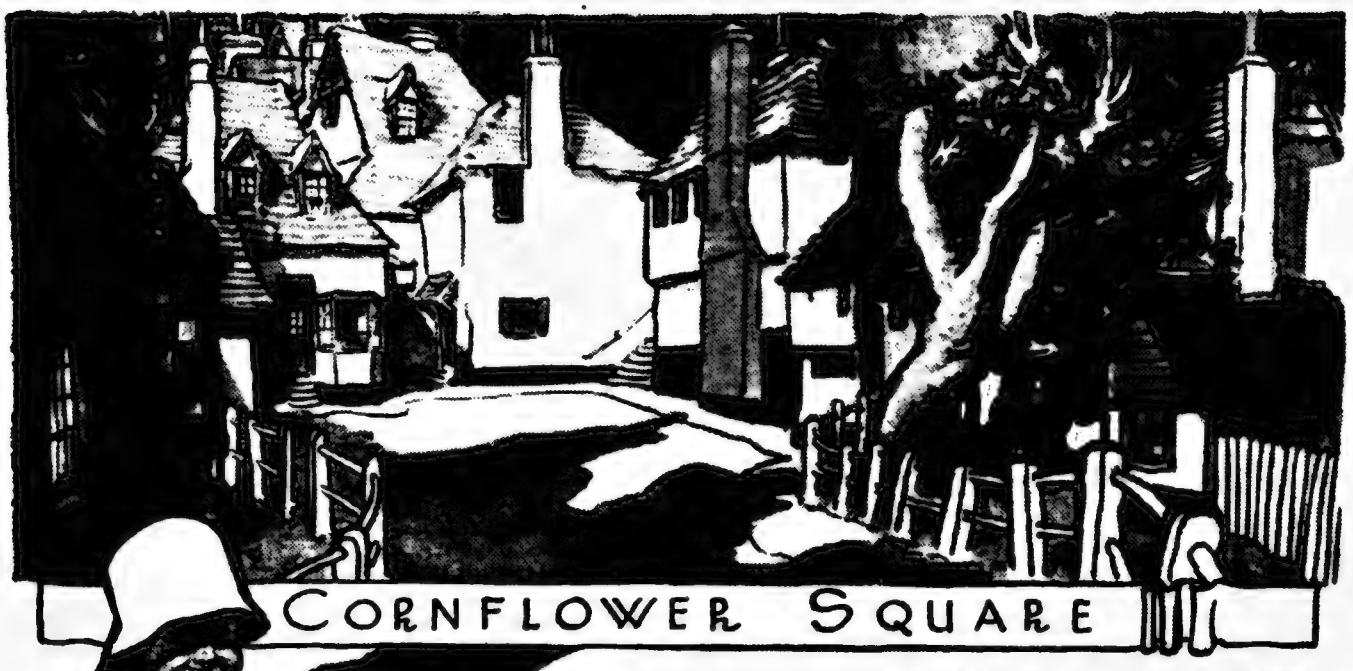
They don't call our crews "crews" at all. They call them "fliegerehe" or Flying Families. What a tribute to pay them!

They are trying to create this comradeship of the cockpit in their own service, but they will never succeed.

One of our crews includes an aircraftman whose father owns a huge estate in Yorkshire and a pilot who, as a boy, was often chased off that estate by the aircraftman's angry father.

Two such people could never serve side-by-side in the German air force.

Here—separation would mean tragedy to both.



The long-tailed dog, going from sunny patch to sunny patch, wagged his long tail at everybody and never tried to bite a soul . . .

The Passer-By

If he hadn't stopped to buy a book, Raymond Verney wouldn't have needed to hurry, and if he hadn't hurried you wouldn't have had this short story

By WILL SCOTT

UNTIL it happened Cornflower Square was all smiles and sunshine. It is doubtful if you could have found a more cheerful corner in all the length and breadth of England. War or not, the people of Cornflower Square had made up their minds to look on the bright side.

There are some people who can't look on the bright side. You say to them "Cheer up," but they can't even begin. "It might be worse," you tell them; but their very faces announce to the world that it couldn't possibly be worse, so why go about grinning like a fool?

Not so in Cornflower Square. They had been told to cheer up, and they had cheered up. They had been told it might be worse, and they believed it. So that, as we have said, in Cornflower Square all was smiles and sunshine. War or no war.

Mr. Farthing whistled almost merrily behind the bar of his little pub at the corner.

Mrs. Gow, who sold sweets and things in her little shop at the other corner, always said "Nice morning" when it *was* a nice morning, and always, on principle, left the matter severely alone when it wasn't, instead of pulling a long face and pointing out what dreadful weather they were having.

Mr. Early, who did odd jobs in a sort of shed next door, always managed to get a cheerful rat-tat into the taps of his hammer. Mrs. Watts, at the cottage, sang at her work all day, and Percy, her youngest, seven years old, managed to play in the Square and all over the Square without getting in anybody's way. While the long-tailed dog, going from sunny patch to sunny patch, wagged his long tail at everybody and never tried to bite a living soul.

Why, even the man in the straw hat at the end house, who wore his straw hat in January as well as June, and who wrote stories for a living and was therefore supposed to be a bit queer in his head—why, even he used to wave to you cheerfully as you went by, whether he knew you or not. And the postman *never* hurried through Cornflower Square.

Yes, you'd have loved the place. It was as cheerful as its name. (Though why *Cornflower* Square nobody of this generation knew. Nobody had ever seen a cornflower growing there, and you couldn't see a field from the topmost chimney pot.)

All smiles and sunshine. Until Mr. Raymond Verney passed by.

The remarkable thing is that that was about all Mr. Raymond Verney did. You might say he was there one second and gone the next.

But the things he did to Cornflower Square!

It was only by the merest chance that he was there at all. He had never been there before, and he has certainly not been there since; and to this day he doesn't know the extent of his influence on the place. If you mentioned Cornflower Square to him he'd look at you blankly and tell you he'd never heard of it. Which would be true.

He had been staying for the week-end in that part of the world and had given himself plenty of time to walk to the station.

But, walking to the station, he had seen the book in the window, had gone into the shop to examine it, had bought it, had stopped to talk, had looked at his watch and said "Great heavens!"

THE man in the shop had told him to take the third on the right down the steps and keep straight on and he'd just get the train, with luck.

The third on the right down the steps was Cornflower Square, but Mr. Raymond Verney was not to know that.

Anyway, he hurried.

He hurried along to the third on the right. He took the third on the right. He dashed down the stairs. He tripped over something. He said vaguely, "Sorry." He kept straight on, with a far-away look in his eyes, and he just got the train—with luck.

And that was the end of it. For Mr. Raymond Verney . . .

But not for Cornflower Square.

For, although Mr. Raymond Verney never knew it, the thing he had tripped over, tearing down the steps, was Master Watts.

Then things happened like one bead after another on a string.

Young Percy rolled into a corner. And the toy spade with which he had been playing whizzed through the air and came to rest on the second step of Mr. Early's odd-job shed.

Young Percy watched it, fascinated. Then he felt the sting on his knee. Then he looked at his knee. And saw the blood. And began to yell.

By which time Mr. Raymond Verney was out of sight.

MR. FARTHING was the first to hear Percy's yelling. He stopped his merry whistling behind his bar and came out on to his doorstep to see what it was all about, for a sound like that had not been heard in Cornflower Square for years and years.

And the second to hear it was Mr. Early. *He* got the idea that somebody had been run over, though to be sure the Square wasn't a thoroughfare.

Anyway, he dashed out of his odd-job shed to see what was what without even troubling to put down the box he was repairing.

So that when he fell over the spade, which was waiting for him on the second step, and fell crash on his nose, the box flew out of his hands and in its turn whizzed through the air and settled neatly over the head and on the shoulders of Mr. Farthing as he stood at the door of his pub endeavouring to see what it was all about.

If you've never had a wooden box settle round your head you don't know. But it isn't nice. At first it astonished Mr. Farthing.

Then it enraged him. He plucked it off his head and heaved it away.

And it went through the window of Mrs. Gow's little shop with the most terrible crash.

Out came Mrs. Gow at the double.

Seeing Mr. Early holding a blood-stained nose, and seeing her own smashed window and scattered stock-in-trade, and seeing young Percy, now on his feet but still screaming the skies down, and knowing that boys will be boys, she put two and two together and shouted, "You wicked boy!"

Which brought Percy's mother up from her basement . . .

And that's how it started.

It kept on the whole afternoon. The man in the straw hat at the end house got dragged into it through coming along to ask for information.

The long-tailed dog got dragged into it and barked and barked and barked.

The man in the straw hat at the end house couldn't make himself heard. In despair he took a running kick at the long-tailed dog—and missed.

And the long-tailed dog took a running bite at the man in the straw hat.

And didn't miss.

The postman got dragged into it, and before he dragged himself out of it he was heard to say that he wouldn't mind if he never had to deliver a damned postcard in the rotten place again.

Mr. Farthing and Mr. Early pretty nearly came to blows.

Mrs. Watts told Mrs. Gow exactly what she thought of her, cuffed Percy on the ear for making so much noise (which made him make more), said her last word, went back into her house and slammed the door, and immediately came out and started all over again.

They all told each other what they thought of each other's relations. They shouted. They broke things. They threw things.

It just went on.

AT six o'clock Mrs. Farthing demanded to be told by Mr. Farthing whether or not he had any intention of opening his pub that evening and attending to his business. Six times she had to ask him because of the din

And when Mr. Farthing asked Mrs. Farthing to speak up, because he couldn't hear her if she would squeak, that dragged Mrs. Farthing into it.

Nobody seemed to know what it was about.

Young Percy did attempt to explain that a nasty man in a grey hat, with a book under his arm, had started it all by knocking him down as he ran through the Square. But nobody was taking any notice of young Percy.

He merely got another cuff on the ear for butting in.

It was dreadful. Everybody in Cornflower Square hated everybody else in Cornflower Square.

If you could have witnessed those terrible scenes in Cornflower Square that afternoon you would have wagered that the quarrel would go on for ever.

But it didn't.

It stopped.

It stopped almost suddenly.

It stopped at ten past seven.

It began with Mr. Early, who had no wireless. He happened to look at his watch.

"Good lord!" he exclaimed. "Ten past seven!"

"What!" cried Mr. Farthing. And *he* looked at *his* watch.

"Ten past seven?" said Mrs. Gow.

"Percy," said Percy's mother, "go and turn the wireless on, that's a good boy."

And Percy, like a good boy, did.

"Sorry for all I said, old man," said Mr. Early.

"'S all right, old boy," said Mr. Farthing. "But no speeches, or we shall miss it. Coming to listen as usual?"

"Very nice of you," said Mr. Early.

"Made fools of ourselves," said the man in the straw hat at the end house.

They seemed to melt away to their wireless sets. And the long-tailed dog curled up in the sun and went to sleep.

QUARTER past seven struck. A B.B.C. announcer spoke.

"And here with his usual Cheer Up feature is Mr. Raymond Verney to give the seventeenth of his series of weekly talks entitled 'It Might be Worse.' Mr. Verney."

For fifteen minutes you could have heard a pin drop in Cornflower Square. And then you could have heard a succession of peaceful sighs.

"He makes you realise that your own little troubles are nothing, Percy," said Mrs. Watts.

"Nearly missed him this time," said Mr. Farthing in his bar parlour.

"Wouldn't miss him for quids," said Mr. Early.

"You feel better when you've heard him, don't you?" said Mrs. Gow. "Sort of bucks you up. Makes you forget the war, even."

"I reckon," said the man in the straw hat at the end house, "that he's the best thing you get on the wireless."

And even the postman, speaking to his wife far from Cornflower Square, added his bit.

"Learns you to give and take, Raymond Verney do. They ought to listen to him in Cornflower Square. Then by to-morrow they'd be like cooin' doves."

They were. All smiles and sunshine.

Continuing A. W. Helliwell's "Giants of the Ring"

PUCK IN BOXING GLOVES

Fame, fortune and glamour meant nothing to Johnny Basham, who would take a licking with a smile, answer a smashing punch with an impudent wink. He was a Puck in boxing gloves

Happy-go-lucky Johnny Basham, the middleweight champion, loved nothing better than to stand toe-to-toe with a fighter after his own heart and exchange blow for blow. And win or lose, he never lost his smile, his sense of humour or his modesty.

"I CAN always go back to selling newspapers." This was wise-cracking Johnny Basham's favourite retort when, in the days of his greatness, well-meaning friends remonstrated with him about the ease with which he and his money were parted.

If happy-go-lucky Johnny had been less good-natured he could have had a sizeable fortune when he left the ring. As it was, necessity forced him to make a gallant attempt at a come-back when nearly forty.

The last time I met him he was serving behind the bar in a Tyneside saloon.

Not that Johnny ever complained. He accepted kicks and bouquets with the same light-hearted good humour.

"Puck in boxing gloves"—that was how I once heard him described, and you could search for a year without finding a better phrase to use as a title for this gay adventurer of the ring.

Johnny Basham could take a licking with a smile.

He would answer a smashing punch with an impudent wink.

Wincing with pain, he would still grin and wise-crack in a soft, sing-song Celtic voice. And when it was all over win or lose, his right hand would be outstretched gallantly.

Basham started by selling newspapers on a Newport street corner.

And when eventually he won his title from that hard-hitting Yorkshire scrapper, Johnny Summers, he wore his crown modestly.

Fame, fortune and glamour meant nothing to him. As long as he had a pound in his pocket Johnny asked nothing more of life.

The future never bothered him.

"I can always go back to selling papers," he would say.

His battles with that hammer-fisted Jewish Juggernaut, Kid Lewis, were ring classics.

They clashed for the first time at Olympia in 1920, when the happy-go-lucky lost his title because he stubbornly refused to wear a gum shield.

Early in the contest he stopped a hard straight left on the mouth.

A painful punch, it would not have been dangerous if the champion's mouth had been properly protected. As it was, instead of being merely shaken, he was badly injured when Lewis drove one of his teeth through his upper lip.

Loss of blood more than anything else put Basham out of the fight. By the end of the ninth round the contest was stopped on the advice of a doctor.

For twenty minutes Johnny had taken a terrible thrashing. His knees buckled under him, and he could scarcely raise his gloves above his waist. He had been slammed around the ring under a non-stop hail of lefts and rights. Yet he would not capitulate.

Right to the end, when his blows would not have dented a feather pillow, he stood his ground.

BASHAM made no excuses.

He was so confident that only the injury to his lip had robbed him of victory, that he did not rest until he had arranged a return fight with the Jewish champion.

This time they fought at the Albert Hall.

Recently returned from the United States with a newspaper decision over the world middleweight champion, Mike O'Dowd, to his credit, Lewis was brimming with confidence.

As soon as he was off his stool, he started fighting with cold-blooded, tigerish ferocity that made him such a dangerous opponent.

At their first meeting he had found Johnny a scrapper after his own heart, ready to swap punches until he dropped.

THE Welshman's trump card had always been his aggressive brilliance.

But the spectators at the Albert Hall saw a wiser Johnny. He still grinned and quipped as he skipped around the canvas, but he was there to outwit Lewis.

The Kid's vicious upper-cuts, the wicked lefts and rights he drove at Johnny's slim midriff seldom connected.

Basham, moving like a shadow with almost uncanny judgment of timing, kept the fight at long range while he collected points with beautiful left-hand boxing.

With almost monotonous regularity his left glove thudded on the Kid's chin.

When Lewis trapped him in a corner to begin one of those two-fisted slams that usually left the other fellow dazed, Johnny was suddenly all arms and elbows, wrapping himself in a defence that nothing could penetrate.

For fifteen rounds he gave Lewis a lesson in boxing science. Then in the sixteenth, his natural fighting spirit, held so long in check, suddenly bubbled over and he went after the Jewish fighter with both hands.

The unexpectedness of this slashing attack caught the Kid off guard. He was swept back to the ropes, but there was a wild, fierce light in his eyes as he catapulted off and tore into Basham.

This was right up his alley!

This was what he had waited for!

Scorning any defence he walked in, slinging punches.

JOHNNY walked back to his corner with a rapidly closing eye and a swollen ear, but the old cheery grin was still there. Despite the pleas of his seconds, he set about Lewis in the next session in the same whirlwind fashion.

He was taking a terrible hammering, but he was still a mile ahead on points. He would have emerged an easy winner but for an unfortunate incident in the nineteenth round.

He walked into a short, smashing right that dropped him on his shoulder blades.

He was up at the count of "Six" ready to fight on, but Gene Corri, who had apparently misunderstood the count, motioned him to his corner.

"That's enough," he said. "You have been counted out."

From Johnny's corner came a chorus of heated protest. The timekeeper declared that although he had not counted Basham out, Mr. Corri had stopped the contest.

It was a bitterly disappointing end to a great fight.

Johnny accepted the verdict without a grumble.

"Never mind," he said quietly, as he sat in his corner. "Don't blame Mr. Corri. He must have got mixed up. It's Ted's night out, that's all."

Plucky, smiling, good-natured Johnny! Only he could have said that when smarting under a cruel disappointment.

How He Earned That Medal

SUMMARISED in a few words beneath the announcement that "the War Office has issued the following list of immediate awards made by the Commander-in-Chief" it is now possible to read epic stories that will live long in the memory of all proud Britons.

Many a man who was lounging on the beach at Margate or Blackpool last year, dreamily watching his children playing in the surf, is now a hero, a coloured ribbon on his tunic showing that his bravery has been recognised by his comrades and his officers.

Sitting on the sands in the sun, he seemed no nearer to being a hero than he was to being a millionaire.

Forgotten Problems

His thoughts were concerned mainly with such problems as paying school fees, buying new tyres for the car and meeting the demands of the income tax man—the problems of every man.

Torn from that life of domestic problems such a man is now a soldier-veteran, a tough fighter to whom shot and shell are not unusual.

This is the story of such a man. It is a typical epic, hidden behind a cryptic official statement.

"We've got to hold them," Sergeant William Adlam, of the Gloucestershire Regiment (T.A.), told himself grimly. "We've just *got* to!"

Adlam was acting as platoon sergeant at a forward post during the early stages of the German break-through in Flanders, and he knew that his thinly manned post must cover the retreat of the main body of troops at his back.

The Germans knew it too.

Vicious Attacks

And under cover of the fire of half a dozen heavy machine-guns they were launching waves of vicious attacks to "blot out" the post by force of numbers.

Adlam's small force had only one Bren gun.

Yet its fire was so deadly that the post was able to beat off every attack.

"We'll hold 'em all right, Sarge," said one of his men, realising his anxiety, "as long as the Bren keeps firing."

"Yes, as long as the Bren keeps firing," Adlam echoed. "If anything happens to that, we're for it."

Suddenly the Bren gunner coughed and slumped forward.

As his hands left the butt the precious gun slid forward over the barricade, fell to the earth and tumbled down an incline in full view of the enemy.

The Germans cheered.

The post was "for it"!

Realising the danger, Adlam jumped on to the top of the barricade, only to be seized by a dozen pairs of hands.

"Don't be a fool, Sarge," his men cried. "Don't try it! You haven't got a dog's chance."

"None of us has a dog's chance without that gun," was all he said as he leaped over the top.

Grabbing the Bren by the barrel, he threw it into the post while bullets from the German machine-guns kicked around his feet.

Then he scrambled back.

As he dropped clear a further burst of machine-gun fire ripped viciously into the barricade where he had been standing only a second before.

In Action Again

Once more the Bren went into action.

Its accurate fire held every attack until nightfall, when the main body of troops was safe.

Only then did it cease fire.

That is why to-day a Military Medal bears the name of No. 5183147 Sergeant William Adlam, the Gloucestershire Regiment Territorial Army.

THIS NOURISHING AND ECONOMICAL SWEET IS EASILY MADE WITH

CHIVERS JELLIES

– the jellies of fruit juice fame

LEMON WHIP.

1 pint packet Chivers' Lemon Jelly. 4 breakfast cup stale white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice. Make up the jelly as directed on the packet and place a small layer in the bottom of individual moulds. Whisk the remainder when cool, adding the lemon juice and breadcrumbs when thoroughly whisked. Fill the moulds with this mixture and when set turn out and decorate with plain chopped jelly if required.
CHIVERS & SONS, LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

SPOTLIGHT ON CHARM

Why let the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth rob you of your charm? Try KOLYNOS—and *your* smile too will be a pleasant memory. Use KOLYNOS regularly and soon your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Your last chance

TO EXCHANGE

STORK GIFT COUPONS

FINAL CLOSING DATE 31st JULY, 1940

You may still have some valuable Stork Free Gift Coupons lying about the house; find them, use them. But you *must* exchange them before 31st July, 1940.

This is your last chance.

THIS IS WHAT YOU SHOULD DO *NOW*

(1) Send for the current gift list. You cannot exchange your coupons until you have this latest war-time List — all previous issues are cancelled.

(2) If you already have the war-time list choose your gift and send us your coupons *at once*. Time is short.

CUT THIS OUT I am still holding Stork Margarine Gift Coupons, which I wish to exchange for Free Gifts. Please send latest list to—

Name.....

Street.....

Town and County.....

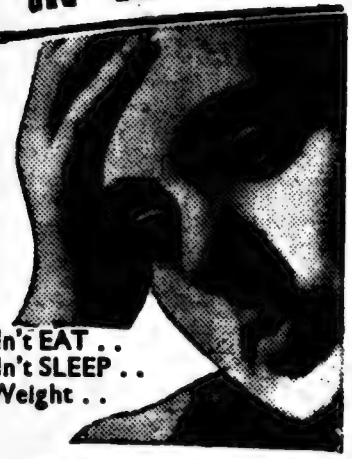
Fill in your name and address and send this form to the Stork Gift Department, Birkenhead, Cheshire, in an unsealed 1d-stamped envelope.

N.B. Gift Coupons have not been issued with Stork Margarine since 23rd October, 1939. Ordinary Stork wrappers are *not* coupons.

Issued by the STORK MARGARINE GIFT DEPT., *Birkenhead, Cheshire*

JB 417-66

5 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



Couldn't EAT . .
Couldn't SLEEP . .
Lost Weight . .

IN EVERY CASE A FEW DOSES OF DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS BEGAN A

Wonderful Recovery

1 Mrs. A.B., Derby

"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept 6 hours that night . . . a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."

2 Mr. F.S., Bolton

"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."

3 Mrs. L.P., Birmingham

"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."

4 Mrs. D.S., Sheffield

"For more than a year I was a nervous wreck and suffered agonies with my head, despaired of ever feeling well again. Finally I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets on the advice of a friend. She proved to be a friend indeed—because Dr. Cassells did wonders for me."

5 Mr. L.E.D., Dublin

"Owing to loss of sleep and depression I gradually fell to pieces. Then a miracle happened. I purchased a small bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets one Friday evening. By the following Monday I felt a new man. I recovered all my nerve control."

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get YOUR bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets today! The powerful aid of this magnificent tonic will put you on your feet. Prices: 1/3, 2/- and 5/- everywhere. Trial size: 6d.

TAKE DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS AND YOU WILL EAT BETTER! SLEEP BETTER! FEEL BETTER!

HUMANIST, ANSWERING THE CRY OF A WOMAN CONDEMNED TO SOLITUDE, DISCUSSES THE

Mystery of Loneliness

"INVITATIONS to my workmates to have tea with me have been ignored, and sometimes I am so desperately lonely that I lay the table for two or three to try to deceive myself into believing that somebody will come. It never works."

This pathetic confession of loneliness from a woman reader makes you wonder that anybody should be lonely in these days.

Between forty and fifty million people are living together on a smallish island, and the number has now been increased by thousands of refugees and troops from the Dominions.

Yet the problem of loneliness has been intensified by war.

"Help me to unburden a heart that is almost bursting," writes this lonely woman. "I've never been happy. As the eldest of ten children I had to stand on a stool and wash the crocks when I was small, and I never remember going out to play or having anything to play with.

"Santa Claus went to other homes, but he never came to us.

"This went on until fourteen years ago, when I found work away from home. Being poorly dressed, I did not make friends and was constantly snubbed. No one ever seemed to want me.

"I spent my savings on a home of my own. Not a grand affair; it is comfortable and I live alone with a cat for company.

"I try to be cheerful.

"I always smile when I'm out. I don't mean a permanent grin—just a smile when I meet anybody I know!

"Yet it does not get me any farther. I would give anything for friendship.

"I have joined religious organisations and evening classes. I have been to the cinema, to concerts and dances in search of this elusive friendship.

"I am a good cook and can manage a house, and would give all I possess for a child of my own. But all this is denied me.

"Tell me how to play, to love and be loved, to find friendship and popularity. Save me from this loneliness!"

"Sometimes I am so desperately lonely that I lay a table for two or three to try to deceive myself into believing that I might have visitors"

It is hard to believe that a girl so eager for friendship should be left so completely alone.

THERE must be a reason for this isolation, something that makes friendship difficult or impossible.

She sent me her photograph; she looks healthy, jolly and attractive, yet for some reason she is shunned.

Thinking of this girl's problem leads me to consider the chief obstacles to winning friendship.

Conceit, excessive bragging about self, moodiness, depressing pessimism, cattiness, violent temper, a habit of moaning continually, a desire to domineer. None of these things seems to fit this girl.

She is aching for friends, yet in this crowded island she cannot find them.

Her childhood was unhappy and she is still bitter about it. But after fourteen years she ought to have got over that. All living things have a certain resilience.

Probably this girl is unduly sensitive. She shrinks into her shell whenever she fears a snub, and this gives the impression that she is proud and standoffish.

Thousands of girls want to make friends, but they put on a look of keep-your-distance because they are afraid of being lampooned.

If she will cure herself of this trick, I am certain it will solve her problem. But I should like to know what other readers think, particularly those who have faced the same problem.

OTHER letters about loneliness are worth mentioning. The first comes from a man.

"Although I call on about five hundred people every week," he writes, "I am frequently confronted with the problem of loneliness.

"Appeal to your readers not to forget those they previously visited. Ask them to drop in now and then.

"I constantly hear many saying: 'When my husband was here the house was always full, our doors always open. We had lots of invitations out. The postman rarely passed without bringing letters. But now . . .'

"Everybody knows about these lonely souls. Do help them, please!"

We lose contact with friends not through deliberately dropping them but by being casual.

We mean to write or to call, but we put it off until it seems too late to pick up the fallen threads.

Yet the neglected would welcome any indication that they are not really forgotten

Families scatter into separate units and lose touch. It seems a pity to allow this to happen.

ANOTHER letter comes from a young married man, now serving with the Forces. He describes how he was put on picket duty one Sunday night.

"I don't know whether you have ever done such duty," he says. "If you have, you will understand what it is like to be left alone with only your thoughts for company

"I fell to thinking of my courting days, and could remember all our walks and what we said.

"Then I thought about my wife and children lying happily asleep in their beds. I would have given everything I possessed to be able to go home to tell my wife how much I loved her.

"But I did the next best thing.

"When I finished my duty, I wrote a letter and I received a reply expressing great pleasure at receiving the first real love-letter since I enlisted. In previous letters I assured her of my love, but until that night I had not realised how deeply I felt.

"I hope other men in uniform will do the same, and write a letter not only about everyday actions but also about what they feel. Such a letter will do so much to maintain courage of those who are working on the home front.

"A real love-letter gives a great joy both to the writer and the receiver."

An astonishing amount of unhappiness is caused by the invisible barrier, that high wall that men and women build round themselves. They remain unknown, and unknowable.

Tragedy is that so many are unable to break it down. They remain lonely to the end.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

Voice of the People

PAY-FOR-THE-WAR-DAY SCHEME : WHY PAINT RAILWAY STATIONS WHITE? : DON'T ENTRUST YOUR DIARY WITH OFFICIAL SECRETS : RETURNED B.E.F. HERO'S PLEA

LET Britain have a collecting day to help to pay for the war. We are asked to give financial support to many worthy causes, but there is no more deserving cause than our own wonderful country—and people.

I wish it were possible for me to give my scheme a suitably handsome send-off. As it is, I send my humble 10s., which I hope JOHN BULL will send to the appropriate Government office.—Letter sent anonymously: Lyme Regis (Dorset) Postmark.

Usually JOHN BULL doesn't like anonymous letters, but we admire the spirit behind this. The 10s. has been sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Payment of half a guinea for this letter will be sent to Sir Kingsley Wood.

* * *

THE stations along the railway line that takes me to town have been repainted white to make them more visible from the air at night!

Hitler must be pleased that our railway passengers have so readily agreed to pay increased fares, thus giving our railway companies the money necessary to make the railways better targets.

It is eight years since a coat of paint was put on the premises of which I write.—S. G. A. (name of town cannot be given for obvious reasons).

* * *

SHOPPING in my car, I was accused by a foolish woman of "wasting the nation's petrol on joy-riding."

I am allowed to buy five gallons of petrol a month.

I buy two gallons only, because I feel it is the nation's duty to keep its £200,000,000 worth of cars in running order for any use to which the State wants to put them.

On a smaller consumption my car would be unstartable and unusable.

Of my £6-a-week salary I am spending £1 on nineteen miles of motoring a week—more than a shilling a mile in the national interests. I can't afford to do it. Yet I am accused of unpatriotism. —H. A. Smith, Middlesex.

Motorist who uses his petrol allowance, doesn't try to wangle a pint more, and confines his motoring to the hours of daylight, is doing what the State is expecting of him.

* * *

DON'T make notes in your diary of little war secrets.

Don't write letters to friends telling them all about it—no matter how trustworthy they are!

Commit nothing to writing that might help the enemy. Remember that one can be careless with pieces of paper—and the eyes of the enemy are never closed.—K. J., Henley Road, Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

* * *

BRITAIN needs every machine tool for aircraft production—and every skilled man.

Take away the woodworking machinery from many factories that are doing little work at the moment, substitute machines used for making munitions, and the motive power of the factories concerned can be set turning again.

Carpenters are perhaps the most versatile of Britain's skilled craftsmen. Every process they follow has something of a counterpart in the metal trades.

One word and they'd be working like Trojans.—T. N. Rose, Whittlesey, Peterborough.

* * *

RETURNING to England after months with the B.E.F., I find myself much worse off.

Canteen luxuries cost me more. So do cigarettes. I miss the weak but delightfully cheap beer served to the Expeditionary Force. And twopence-ha'penny is a bit stiff for a letter home.

As the war is still in progress, surely some soldiers can still be considered "on active service" and should therefore enjoy the concessions that usually go to an active service soldier.—Private H. G. P., Somewhere in Scotland.

Only British soldiers in Europe now regarded as Expeditionary Force men are those in Iceland, who get the facilities mentioned.

* * *

"WE will declare war against our enemy, England," said the first balloonist, descending from the clouds.

"We will inspect their camps. We will intercept their fleet. We will set fire to their dockyards. We will take Gibraltar. When we have conquered them, we will conquer other countries, and make them colonies to the Grande Monarque."

Speaker was Montgolfier, pioneer French aeronaut, to a crowd of 200,000 that saw his ascent from the Champs de Mars, Paris, 156 years ago.—H. A. Smith, Uxbridge Road, W.

Story is worth completing. Ten months later England owned a balloon, too. A woman dropped dead on seeing it rise. The Law Courts rose to see it pass over London. Three years later all the best balloonists were British.

* * *

ONE of the smallest streets in this district has created its own miniature A.R.P. service, boasting five cars and a stretcher for casualties.

(See "Without Fear or Favour" by the Editor—page 5.)

Although intended as an auxiliary to the real A.R.P. service, it has its own little fire service with two stirrup-pumps and a squad trained to use them.

An observation-post is established the moment there is an air raid.

Women and men co-operate in this excellent work.—C. H. N., Connaught Gardens, N.13.

CASH PRIZES

★ *This is YOUR corner—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST—Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.
NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity.
THEN—It tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels.

Standard size 9d., and Family size 1/4

ANDREWS LIVER SALT (1178*)

1/2 an ounce

MIXTURE, FLAKE, NAVY MILD, SHAG, HONEY DEW

Why grouse about the increased cost of smoking when you can still get an ounce of Afrikander for 1/2? Buy some to-day. After the first satisfying pipeful you'll realise how much you've missed—after the thousandth you'll know that here is the tobacco for the rest of your pipe-life . . . and it still only costs 1/2 the ounce.

AFRIKANDER

'SMOKE WELL AND SPEND WISELY—SMOKE AFRIKANDER'

NEAT COMPACT CLEANS BEST LASTS LONGEST

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. 6d & 1/- Prices U.K. only

GD100W

TWO PENNIES Stopped My PAIN

For Pain Attacks, Hay Fever, and Summer Colds and Chills, *Beechams Powders* "Act Like Magic". Owing to their special powder form, Beechams Powders are QUICKER-ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results. And they cost only 2d each! Get a supply TO-DAY. Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

When FEET SIZZLE with Pain

How swollen, aching feet can make you suffer! No wonder! Stale Foot Acid has got you in its clutches. When pores get choked up, the waste acid piles up in the muscles. Your feet swell inside your shoes. They ache and burn. Corns and callouses form. No wonder people with acid feet get irritable, depressed. You've got to shift that acid or go on suffering. The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. Radox supercharges the water with oxygen, which cleans out clogged pores, lets crippling acid get away. Swelling goes down. Burning, acid feet are eased and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox, 1/6 per tub ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes—6 for 7½.

RADOX 10 ounce pink packet **1/6**

ECZEMA—SKIN RASH—

READ THIS NURSE'S TESTIMONY to

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., G.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with a horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription, and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."

D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils, and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, prices 1/3 a bottle.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Down the DISMAL JIMMIES

IN these days when the Dismal Jimmies are having the time of their miserable lives, millions of sensible families are making wise use of their wireless sets to keep their hearts stout and their spirits cheerful. And if some of the dismal prophecies come true, those same wireless sets will be a boon beyond price, keeping millions of homes in direct touch with our leaders, to hear their instructions, their advice, their encouragement.

If your home isn't equipped with an efficient wireless set, it ought to be. And that means efficient under bad conditions, such as enemy efforts to jam a station, and so on. If you're not sure about your set, ask your Murphy dealer's advice. You can trust him to give you honest help as a fellow citizen.

MURPHY MUNITIONS for the HOME FRONT

C.R.C.42

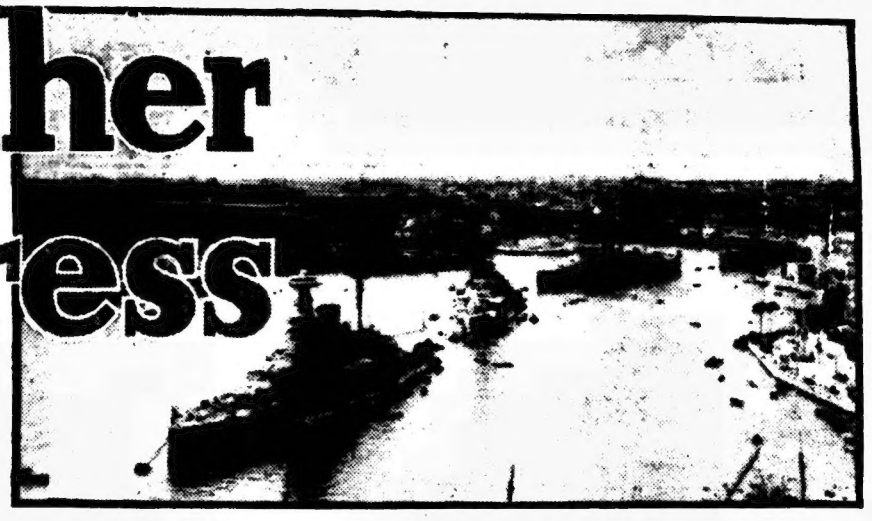
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

Britain's Other Island Fortress



Malta bristles with anti-aircraft guns, especially around the harbour of Valetta, with the seven great docks in which the largest units of the Mediterranean Fleet can ride at anchor

WITHIN a few minutes of Italy declaring war on the Allies, Savoia-Marchetti bombers were hurtling across the sixty miles of blue Mediterranean separating Malta from Sicily, intent on unloading their cargoes of death on John Bull's other island fortress.

Almost every day since, Fascist bombers have repeated their visits.

Malta has been bombed more than fifty times in three weeks.

Yet casualties have been amazingly slight when it is considered that the islands are more thickly populated than any other part of the world.

The might of Italy's air arm has been concentrated on people living in an area that is little more than Greater London.

In Malta, which is seventeen miles long and about nine miles broad, and the neighbouring islands of Gozo, Kemmuna, Kemmunett and Filfla, are 270,000 people, 2,500 to the square mile.

An excellently trained population, Maltese anti-aircraft gunners, claimed to be the best in the Empire, British warplanes always on patrol, and extensive air raid shelters, are responsible for Malta's low death-roll.

Malta bristles with anti-aircraft guns, especially around the harbour of Valetta, with the seven great docks in which the largest units of the Mediterranean Fleet can ride safely at anchor.

Maltese gunners are proud because they have supplied gun crews for anti-aircraft units in other parts of the Empire.

In building air raid shelters Malta is fortunate because the natural white rock, from which most buildings are constructed, is shock-resisting.

Also, the island is honeycombed with caves and tunnels, natural and artificial, which have given shelter to Maltese through centuries of trouble.

Over the Main Guard building at the Palace Square in Valetta is the Latin inscription:

"To Great Britain still unsubdued, these Islands are entrusted by the Powers of Europe at the wish of the Maltese themselves."

The Maltese rejoice in defending the islands, and in the British foresight that has made Malta almost impregnable.

No other inhabitants of the British Empire excel the Maltese in patriotic devotion.

Hundreds of Maltese are serving in minesweepers with the British Mediterranean Fleet.

There are many hundreds more in parts of the Empire whose dearest wish is to abandon their professions to assist in defending Malta.

Lieut.-General W. G. S. Dobbie, Acting-Governor of Malta, is a leader they trust. Described as the "modern Gordon," he is like the hero of Khartum in that he combines courage, energy and deep religious conviction.

Every day in the Governor's residence on the second floor of the 16th-century palace of the Grand Masters at Valetta, Lieut.-General Dobbie reads his Bible.

"The Bible," he says, "has been of untold wealth to me in health and strength."

When he was G.O.C. Malaya, he ran a Bible class at his official residence, attended by officers and men each Sunday evening.

Yet he is also an implicit believer in the Balkan proverb: "One must use the hoe as well as pray."

The natural cliff defences of Malta's coast have been reinforced by formidable barriers of mines, electrified wire, man- and tank-traps, and heavy coastal artillery.

No Italian airman dare come below 20,000 ft. over Malta.

If ever the Italian fleet, now skulking in the reaches of the Adriatic, attempts an assault, Malta will prove a terrifying antagonist.

Food stocks have been stored in the same granaries that served the Knights of St. John when they successfully defended Malta against the infantry of the great Turkish Emperor, Suleiman the Magnificent.

For the peoples of small islands, war has always been Totalitarian.

Women, men, and even children, are in the front line in Malta to-day, as they have been in the past.

One of Malta's proudest monuments is to Maltese children who fell on the battlements during the great Turkish siege.

Malta turned the tide of the Moslem flood, which threatened to overwhelm Christianity in Europe in 1565.

Maltese again proudly uphold the banner of Christian civilisation and they merit the congratulations recently cabled to them by the King and Mr. Winston Churchill

* * *

NEARLY ten thousand sea miles away from London there is yet another of Britain's island fortresses. Hong Kong is responsible for protecting British concessions in Canton, Hankow, Kiukiang, Shanghai, Chinkiang and Tientsin, and these 340 square miles of British territory, inhabited by a million people, have been changed by an £8,000,000 defence scheme into a citadel of western civilisation in the East.

Hong Kong's beautiful harbours are so well covered by powerful batteries that any enemy warship approaching would be immediately sunk in the roads to become a danger to other invading craft.

British and Indian regiments, reinforced by local volunteers, are never far from their guns, which range from 9.2 naval guns to mobile 25-pounders, from "six-inchers" to six-inch howitzers.

Concrete fortifications stretch for twenty miles along the coast, and are strengthened by three lines of natural barriers of hills, also fortified.

Machine gun emplacements alone would turn an attempted invasion into a suicide pact.

To prevent enemy bombers causing panic among the civilian population, a tunnel to shelter 50,000 people has been driven into Hong Kong's granite peak.

And the hill-sides bristle with the world's best anti-aircraft guns—Britain's remarkably efficient 3.7s.

A hundred years ago Hong Kong was a desolate island, inhabited only by fisherfolk and pirates.

Now as the Gibraltar of the East it is not only equipped to challenge all comers, but also has a food stock capable of feeding its people for nine months—if a naval blockade were imposed.

But there again, the British Navy would have something to say if anybody dared to lay siege to this island fortress.

MEN BEHIND THE BEAM

Stabbing the night sky, probing the clouds and never failing to find the lurking enemy raider, the searchlight swings obediently across the heavens. One of the many thousands of eyes in Britain's defence system, its mechanism is described in this story of a visit to a unit's headquarters "somewhere in England"

IT is the far-seeing eye that watches over your homes while you sleep, just one of thousands of searchlights searching the night sky when trouble is about.

Each anti-aircraft "eye" is an intimate family affair, isolated and friendly . . . a few men and a projector, a sound locator, generating lorry, sandbagged look-out post, control room, and a living-hut.

Closed Circle

But it is not easy to get into this family circle, and once in, impossible to get out if there were anything "phoney" about you.

A JOHN BULL representative, sent to Searchlight Site A.B.C., Section Headquarters, X.Y.Z. Company, somewhere north-east of London, showed a military permit issued by the "A.A." Command, entitling him to enter a prohibited place and giving a minute description of himself.

The genial Section Officer compared this point by point with the original, writes the JOHN BULL man, left me in charge of the sergeant, vanished into a hut, and returned five minutes later.

"Sorry to keep you," he said, "but I had to check up with company headquarters on your credentials."

If a disguised parachutist or Fifth Columnist gets into a searchlight site, he won't get out again! . . .

Busy Night Life

It is dusk, and Site A.B.C. is waking to its busy night life.

These men, multiplied thousands of times over the length and breadth of the land, are at the ground end of the beams you see sweeping across the sky.

They include a caretaker, a bricklayer, a ship's officer, a motor engineer, a bank clerk, a bus driver, and a wine merchant. And they have manned their post since the outbreak of war.

They sleep in one hut and eat in another. Their food is provided fresh each day for themselves and the rest of their section by Company Headquarters some miles away.

They are now at their post twenty-four hours of the twenty-four, with one day off a week. All night leave is stopped. Yet they are glad there's real work to do at last.

For nine months they fought the boredom of "nothing doing." They slept on bare-boarded floors, then on straw mattresses. At last the camp beds came.

They went blue during the Great Freeze at their post perched on bleak, open, high ground, dug their transport out of nine-feet snowdrifts, and walked three miles for their food when vehicular traffic became impossible.

Rest Period

Periodically they had a "break," when in relays they went to Company H.Q. for a three-weeks' "rest"—a week's leave and a fortnight's "smartening up."

While the crew were telling me all this, the sound of a far-away aircraft silenced all conversation. Not a roar but an undulating note, and any nervous civilian with an untrained ear would have joined me at once in saying, "A German!"

The sergeant smiled.

"No. That's one of ours. A Tiger Moth. Don't often get that sort over here."

The sentry, twenty yards away, was watching through his binoculars.

"Tiger Moth," he reported quietly. The sergeant nodded.

We wait an hour.

An occasional snore from the sleeping hut is the only sound to disturb the peace. The control room is silent. The sentry stands at the watch.

Then a bell rings.

A message has been flashed to our site.

The section officer gives the command, "*Take post.*"

Within thirty seconds every man, including the snorer, is at his post

One races to the generating lorry.

Two man the searchlight, one to control its position, the other to switch it on and off.

Three mount their seats on the sound locator, one to manage its movements, the other two, known as "spotters," clamping stethoscopes over their ears to listen-in

"*Target heard north-east . . . Engage!*" **orders the S.O.**

The locator's bowl-like ears sweep round and in five seconds the spotters are "on" the sound.

On the Target

The searchlight comes into position and its beam is on the sound-point, criss-crossing a score of other beams from miles around that simultaneously stab the heavens.

The target-sound, at first inaudible to the ear, is now distinctly heard as a faint, dull, low, up-and-down droning note. It is not so high-pitched as some British machines although the untrained ear easily mistakes the two.

The low drone comes nearer, swells in volume.

The searchlight beam shows an aircraft immediately identified as hostile.

Boom, boom, boom!

Shells burst round the Nazi, the "A.A." gunners on the mark at first go.

Enter the Fighter

A British fighter dives through the beams, releasing tracer bullets.

The German flutters like a falling leaf, the three incandescent beams showing his collapse. And as he strikes the earth a tongue of flame lights the surrounding countryside.

From first shell-burst to crash—two minutes.

Next day, having lunch with the officer commanding the company, a solicitor, and his second-in-command, an engineer, I was marvelling at Site A.B.C.'s skill in getting their locator "on the sound" in five seconds, as easily as a navigator reads his compass.

"Well," the O.C. replied, "I suppose they told you there's a ship's officer among them."

Solicitor, engineer, ship's officer, bricklayer, caretaker, bus driver. . . .

GRIN AND BEAR IT! By OLIVER PLUSH

VALUABLE PLUSH PUBLICATION

REALISING the difficulty of keeping up a running conversation with a chance-met parachute invader, the Plush Book Dept. has prepared a series of answers in German to the questions printed in the parachutist's phrase-book.

The following are a few selected at random. The complete book, bound in ersatz hide, is available to JOHN BULL readers on application to the above dept.

Q.—Are you the Mayor?
A.—No. I am the Inspector of Nuisances.

Q.—Is that really true?
A.—But of course, my dear old parachute invader.

Q.—Open all cupboards, will you?
A.—They're bare. Laugh that off.

Q.—Have you any more money?
A.—Ha! ha! (ironically).

Q.—Have you a guide who knows the country well?
A.—I suggest you try Thos. Cook and Sons.

You then lead the parachutist to the nearest signpost, draw his attention to the fact that the names have been painted out, and leave him to—ask a policeman!

Cosy Coiner

The making of counterfeit coins, it is said,
Is a business that's rapidly "forging" ahead.

Gently Does It!

Well, trounce me with trench-mortars—what do you know about this? A bloke has been writing to a newspaper to say that the modern Tommy should be coaxed with kind words rather than blasted into shape by some sulphurous sergeant-major.

"Treat your recruit gently," urges the scribe, "and he will do much more for you than if you rant and rave at him. Kindliness must be the keynote of the modern army."

All old sweats will now ground arms and settle down to a special Plush preview of Army life as it might be tomorrow when a sergeant is taking a recruit squad in drill.

Sergeant: Number Three in the rear rank. Hold your head up, there. You won't find any fag-ends on *this* parade ground.

Number Three: Oh, sergeant, how beastly of you! I told you just now I've got a touch of migraine and the sun hurts my poor eyes.

Sergeant (quite overcome): There, there, Cyril. You know I didn't really mean to be unkind. Try to be a brave little man. Now we will do just the teeniest spot more drill before tea.

A Voice: Hell to that!

Sergeant: Fie on you, Private Blank! That is no language for a soldier.

Another Voice: Can't we go to tea now, sergeant? Our poor feet ache.

Sergeant: Why, of course, boys. Scuttle off to your huts and I'll bring you some nice dusting powder for your tired tootsies. Parade, dismiss!

Makes you think, don't it, chums?

Beaver! Beaver!

While it is not the Plush habit to crash into the political arena, we simply must draw attention to a delightful Home Office statement in the House of Commons the other day. The speaker said that the German Bruderhof at Ashton Keynes (Wilts.) wore brown dressing-gowns and beards, and were, for that reason, unlikely to be employed by the enemy.

Judging by the multitude of disguises adopted by Nazi parachute troops, this reasoning strikes us as being pretty thin!

Brain Food

Germany is to buy the whole of the season's Norwegian fish catch. Which should provide each German citizen with a couple of Goebbels and food for thought.

And we bet the fish won't half give the purchasers a glassy stare from the slab!

Eat Hearty

Nettles are a good substitute for spinach, we are told. Now will some wise guy please tell us what spinach is a substitute for?

OLD BILL
By Bruce Bairnsfather
"Blimey! Are you still goin' strong? Thought you'd been filled with concrete and sunk at Dunkirk, to block up the 'arbour."

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

THE BIRMINGHAM MAIL: "... arrange to have the erection of Government garden shelters carried out on behalf of the householders and that the cost of the WORLD would rank for grant."

DUBLIN INDEPENDENT: "... has been running close up in recent races and now appears to have a WOOD winning opportunity."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL AND NORTH MAIL: "A verdict of death from severe shock from the BUNS and from toxæmia was returned."

"DAILY EXPRESS' NORTHERN EDITION: "The two men jumped 20 feet from the top of the prison wall, and after climbing spiked RAILWAYS were driven away in a motor-car."

THE IRISH PRESS: "Before the Fleet reached the Scapa Flow, orders came from the British Commander-in-Chief to the effect that the German FLEET was to be hauled down and not reholsted."

The Last Laugh

L. P. (Aylesbury).—"Will you lend me £5 for a week? I know you're kind." And we know your kind.

P. K. (Bath).—"Our grandmothers took far too much on themselves." And put too much on themselves, too.

B. Y. (Chislehurst).—"And when the riot started what do you think I did?" A hundred yards in about ten seconds.

R. B. (Nuneaton).—"I am most careful never to speak with my mouth full." But wouldn't you call for help if you were drowning?

R. L. (Runcorn).—"I am experimenting with a new type of container for eggs." We doubt, however, if you will improve on their shells.

R. B. (Kettering).—"How would you feel if your neighbours kept you awake half the night with their second-hand gramophone?" Tired

E. B. (Hull).—"Do you know what was the first thing that struck me when I entered my friend's home-made dug-out?" One of the beams supporting the roof?

STENOGRAPHER (London).—"In my job a girl has to do something more than merely making her boss like her." She has to make the boss's wife like her, too.

P. V. (Felixstowe).—"My young son has been evacuated to a new school. I should like to hear from him but he just won't write." Send him a letter saying you are enclosing £1—and forget the £1.

G. F. (Northfleet).—"I've never had a barometer and am thinking of getting one. What does it mean when a barometer falls?" That the nail's come out of the wall.

S. B. (London).—"In my back-garden I have a sunflower plant which stands eighteen feet high and is still growing." We suppose they haven't actually done away with the balloon barrage yet?

F. L. (Worcester).—"I was reading a book recently wherein it was stated that, in some remote foreign parts, a wife can be bought for the equivalent of five shillings. I think that's terrible, don't you?" We don't agree—a good wife is certainly worth five bob.

F. G. (Farnham).—"Man's chief concern is to get food." Some waiters don't seem to realise this.

W. J. (Honiton).—"I have half a mind to write a novel." That will be enough, judging by some we've read lately.

ACTRESS (Leeds).—"The first audition I was given by a well-known producer was a terrible ordeal." For the producer?

RECRUIT (Aldershot).—"How would you like to march twenty miles in the broiling sun?" Very slowly and in easy stages.

R. N. (Epping).—"As I strolled in the forest at midnight, what do you think was the first thing I heard?" A clock striking twelve?

C. M. (Chelsea).—"We modern poets never receive justice at the hands of you editors." Many thanks for this tribute to our forgiving nature.

J. L. (Greenock).—"The bridegroom looked so worried that I thought he had lost the ring." But it was only his enthusiasm that had gone?

H. D. (London, N.).—"I think the salary my firm pays me as a cashier is a scandal. I can't go far on £12 a month." But obviously they don't want you to go far.

SUE (Whitby).—"Not every girl gets the chance of going to the pictures. Take me, for instance." Much as we'd like to, we don't think the wife would approve.

S. A. (Middleton).—"If anyone opens their mouth when my neighbour's around, it is a certainty he'll find something to criticise." What's your neighbour—a dentist?

R. W. (Ashford).—"Editors are optimists—waiting at their desks for contributions to turn up." Not, as many literary aspirants think, waiting at their desks for contributions to turn down.

G. L. (Swansea).—"My wife surprised me the other day when she handed me a bottle of hair tonic and asked me to give it to my typist." Perhaps she had noticed how the latter's hair had been coming out on your jacket.

R. L. (Cheam).—"Nicotine will soon put an end to all garden pests." But how can we persuade the tabby cat next door to smoke a pipe?

A. B. (E. Coast).—"When the air raid warning sounded he carried his pint to the door of the bar and looked out." What a suspicious nature!

L. T. (Hampstead).—"Since exercising with the L.D.V.s I feel more alert, and can see clearly things that have long been hidden from me." You mean your feet?

P. W. (Malvern).—"My wife says there's only one way to tell if a cake is thoroughly done, and that is to stick a long needle or skewer into it." But surely she couldn't possible see through so small a hole?

FARMER (Cambridgeshire).—"The pig is the most useful animal of all. We use its head for brawn, its legs for hams, its bristles for brushes, and its feet are utilised as food." You've forgotten something. We also use its name when we want to be rude to someone.

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PRIZE CHEQUES for 35 READERS THIS WEEK-WIN YOURS NOW!

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J. H. PINE, 78, Edward Street, West Bromwich (G.S.).

EXAMPLE: IN EVERY HOME
BULLET: EMPTY ARM-CHAIRS "DEFENDING" COMFORTS.

Second Prize, £20: W. H. Thomas, "Bryn Awel," Penrhosfeilw, Holyhead. Example: Spirit Of Democracy Bullet: Gives Us Much Courage."

Third Prize, £10: C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Road, Reading. Example: These Are Dark Days, But Bullet: Seas Ours, Cæsars!

£9: Mrs. M. Rowe, 14, Belgrave Avenue, Watford. Now We Know—France Finished, "Trance" Ended. **£8:** Rev. G. W. Poultney, S. Peter's Cottage, Peasmarsh, Sussex (G.S.). John Citizen—"Shopkeeper?" Retaining This "Shop"! **£7:** Mrs. T. C. Nelson, 79, Garston Old Road, Liverpool. Missing Her Bridge—"War's Too, Too Devastating!" **£6:** K. J. Nesbet, 86, Wimborne Road, Southend-on-Sea (G.S.). On the Land—Another "Victory"—Living Wage! **£5:** Mrs. J. Edwards, "Penlee," Valley Drive, Withdean, Brighton. Lack Of Munitions—Once. But "Once Bit——." **£4:** Mr. Pithey, 152, Ramnoth Road, Wisbech. At Our Door—German "Band"—Drake's Drum. **£3:** C. L. Poppleton, 154, Scarisbrick New Road, Southport. Dad's In The "Parashots." So Touching Gun Is "Sabotage"!

FIVE PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

F. Carter, 382, Hertford Road, Edmonton, London, N. (G.S.). Traitors—Still Free, Steal Freedom. R. W. Grattan, Roscrea, Co. Tipperary. Magnificent Work—In Factories—Then Skies. C. Nicholls, "Sunville," Station Road, Press, Whitchurch. At Our Door—To Eternity. Watching Raid! H. Rimmer, 20, Stanley Park, Litherland, Liverpool. Missing Her Son Consoling One, Missing Two. A. Whiteley, 7, Swan Lane, Lockwood, Huddersfield. Dad's In The "Parashots," So—Gun To Lean On!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote that successful effort was submitted on "Good Shot" Prize coupon.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

BRITAIN'S MILLIONS
HITLER KNOWS
FRANCE HAS FALLEN, BUT
CLARION CALL
FROM DOWN UNDER
IF GRANDPA HAD A GUN
OUT OF HARM'S WAY
ANXIOUS TO HELP
AMERICA'S ROUSED, SO
COMES FIRST | ALONE
SURE SHIELD | NOT YET
TOO OFTEN | GROWING
DRUNK WITH SUCCESS
GETTING ON
INCH BY INCH
IN OUR HANDS
WE'LL NEVER FORGET

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN ..... SWOOPED
PEACE WITH .....
BRAVE .....
TRUST ..... AND
..... THE NATION
YOUR .....

ENTRY-FEE

Coupons must be accompanied by crossed P.O., made payable to JOHN BULL, at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" entered. Write name, address and date of posting on back. If preferred, stamps at the rate of 3d. for each "Bullet," stuck as instructed to form provided, may be enclosed instead of P.O.

20 BONUSES each value £1 —for entrants whose sets of FOUR 'Bullets' on one coupon show most all-round merit.

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Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____
Example .....
BULLET _____

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FOR YOUR HELPFUL 'BULLETIN' **ENCLOSE ADDRESSED LABEL** FROM FOOT OF THIS PAGE

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RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps stuck to separate form provided, must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

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X-WORD RULES AND CONDITIONS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided—fill up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday, July 20.

Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed must be submitted by Postal Order or stamps. If using Postal Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross "/& Co./," and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to be affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares. No entrant may submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Crossword will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee—and all decisions will be based on the answers of competitors.

Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 1; entries accepted only on the condition that the published result of the double adjudication establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final, and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mis-laid, and no correspondence can be entered into.

Should first or any other prize be shared, the lump sum will be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than one First or Runners-up prize, plus one other award, allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the Findings of the Adjudication Committee as regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of "John Bull" in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants. Failure to comply with any of these Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

ACROSS CLUES

1. A good one will help keep the Tommies cheerful
2. By means of this one's voice can be put on record
4. Sugar sometimes comes in these
9. There will be a crash when this falls suddenly
11. Having iron at right heat is useful soldering one
12. Level won't be affected much by this
15. Clearing one out is apt to cause a certain amount of disorder
16. Busy farmer would probably be furious if compelled to waste days in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Average farmer particularly values his, when hay-making is in full swing
2. Material chosen for this should be good
3. Affection is usually shown when people part with
5. Might soon brown when it's baking
6. In such a building huge quantities of hops can be stored
7. Machine giving impression of an A.R.P. siren may make one
9. Quack doctor makes impossible claims for his medicine but he seldom does this
10. We all know he's anything but a fighter
12. That of fence isn't likely to be worth a lot
13. The tougher the fibre the more knocking about one will stand
14. One who is this fears attracting publicity

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 211, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.).

RESULT AND WINNING SQUARE—X-WORD No. 208.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 208, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for the Puzzle (as on right) were the following two competitors:—

G. ALLCOCK, 4, Recreation Ground, Wingrave, Aylesbury.
MISS L. SOUTH, Mill House, Goodman Drive, Bognor.

These competitors share the First Prize of £275, and a cheque for £137 10s. will be sent to each.

Another 250 have been won by the eighteen Runners-up from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. The names and addresses of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

A second Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 149 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS. Across.—1. Plate. 9. Bins. 4. Here. 5. Cop. 8. Trader. 10. Pale. 14. Vamp. 15. Sax. 16. Sled.
Down.—1. Peat. 2. Bread or Bread. 3. Sour. 6. Test. 7. Peace or Place. 9. Rose. 10. Pack. 11. Share. 12. Dugs. 13. Bin.

Full reasons for Committee's Findings appear in "Crossword Gazette." To secure this POST-FREE COPY use address label on right.

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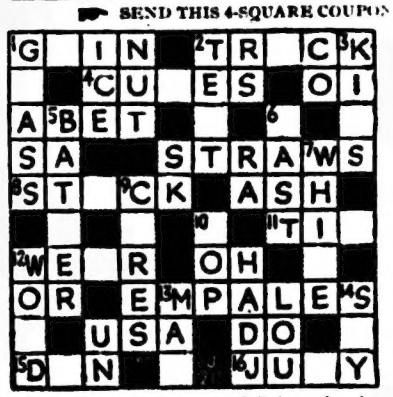
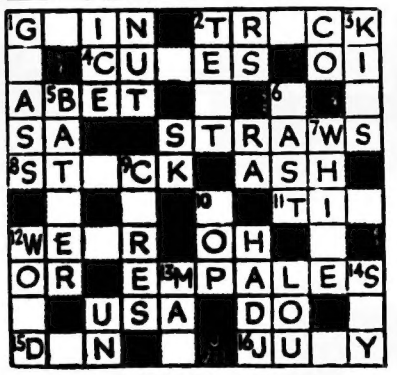
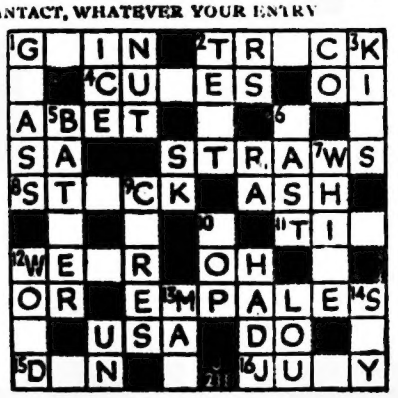
SEND THIS 4-SQUARE COUPON INTACT, WHATEVER YOUR ENTRY







I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps, affixed to Stamp Form provided above Crossword Squares, for entry-fee as directed.

J.B. X-WORD No. 211 Closing Postmark, SATURDAY, JULY 20

P.O. Value .....
No. .....

Don't omit to complete Label below.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

POST-FREE "GAZETTE" & "BULLETIN" — ADDRESS LABEL

To secure your POST FREE copy of Crossword Gazette & "Bullets" Bulletin, dated August 3, you must affix 1d. stamp on adjoining space and address LABEL fully to yourself.

APPLICANTS MUST AFFIX 1D STAMP HERE FOR "GAZETTE."

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Her teeth are "white lies"

Dentists know that dental troubles may follow tartar.

To think that pleasant mouth can tell white lies! To think those sparkling teeth are dulled behind by unpleasant tartar. Unseen, but there all the same! And all for the want of Solidox!

Tartar is no respecter of teeth. It accumulates on hers . . . on *yours*. It can mean trouble for teeth and gums. "But surely ordinary daily brushing removes tartar?" you may ask. Ordinary cleaning *cannot* move tartar once it has taken a hold. Remember that—and use Solidox!

Solidox is the only toothpaste which contains the anti-tartar ingredient Ricinosulphate. Solidox removes tartar, and prevents it. Then, surely it's wise to use Solidox. Start to-day!

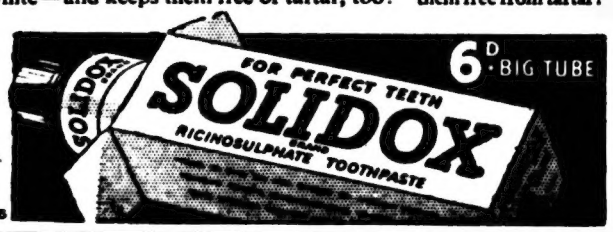
You'll like Solidox. It's pleasant to use. And gentle. Solidox cannot hurt sensitive enamel. But it keeps teeth wonderfully white—and keeps them free of tartar, too!

Dentists know that tartar on the teeth is a danger signal . . . a warning of troubles that may come! That's why they are so particular about its complete removal. So give your teeth the care they deserve. Use Solidox and keep them free from tartar!

Covered by British Patent No. 259942

JOHN KNIGHT LTD. LONDON, E.16

SOL 24-783-55



£50 Cash Prizes for NAMING THESE PUPPIES

The makers of Karswood Dog Powders offer £50 Cash Prizes (£25 First Prize) for happy names for two lovely West Highland puppies. All the family can share the fun. For full details get FREE ENTRY FORM for Karswood "NAME THE PUPPIES" Competition from Chemists, Dog Food Shops, Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, etc. Every Prize must be won.

BAD LEGS YIELD TO HEALO TREATMENT

Innumerable sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin Irritation and other Skin Disorders having obtained immediate relief and eventually been cured by using HEALO Ointment have gratefully sent us Testimonials. Here is a typical one from West Herts: "*I am pleased to inform you that HEALO has done my leg . . . kinds I*

HEALO [illegible] is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

Arm him against body pests

On active service he continually runs the risk of picking up unpleasant pests. Against *this* danger *you* can arm him—by keeping him supplied with a weekly tablet of **Derbac Disinfestant Shampoo Soap (6d. and 1/-).**

Derbac is recommended by doctors as the simplest *certain* disinfesting agent, and it is a strongly antiseptic safeguard which should be used regularly.

The kiddies, too, need Derbac's protection. Write for interesting booklet, **HAIR HYGIENE,** which we will send you free. Pure Products Limited, Colwick, Nottingham.

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, **CLOISTER HERBAL TEA** is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

TO MY UTTER AMAZEMENT

After the First 2 Tablets I FELT DIFFERENT

I Cannot Speak Too Highly of YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic

Derby.
June 10th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you the great benefit I have received from Yeast-Vite tablets. I have been suffering from my nerves for the past three years, at times so severe that it brought on an attack of St. Vitus' Dance.

I was recommended to try your tablets; I did not have much faith, having tried so many different things, but to my utter amazement, after the first two tablets I felt different.

If you care to make use of this letter you are most welcome to do so, as I cannot speak too highly of Yeast-Vite.

(Sgd.) Mrs. I. H.
No. 41894

"Nervousness and Headaches Vanished"

Grimsby,
June 13th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I have been recommending Yeast-Vite tablets to patients after multiple extractions, for exhaustion and indigestion and nerves. Those who have purchased them came in and thanked me for the recommendation, as they have benefited considerably from the treatment. I found that after treatment nervousness and headaches have completely vanished. Thanking you for same.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mr. J. B., Dentist.
No. 41895

DENTIST PRAISES YEAST-VITE

"They are a Miracle"

Longton,
April 16th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

A friend of mine was sitting with me one day and was discussing your tablets. After she had gone I thought that she was stretching the point a bit, but decided to try them, and these are the few words to describe my feelings—"*They are a miracle.*" People openly pass remarks about my appearance.

I am, Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) Miss G. W.
No. 41856

Acton, W.3.

Dear Sirs,

I must send my gratification to your Company for the way Yeast-Vite tablets have helped me gain hold of myself since coming home from Northern France with the B.E.F. suffering from the effects of shell shock. The tablets have helped me make a speedy recovery and bring me back to myself again so well that I felt I must send my gratification.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) L. P., Pte.
Duke of Wellington's Regt.
No. 41893

"Bring New VITALITY" "Renew Lost ENERGY"

Exhall, Coventry,
June 9th, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I now take the pleasure of writing a letter of thanks for the benefits I have sustained since I started taking Yeast-Vite tablets.

I am a miner, and work in a low seam only five feet high. After being cramped up all day I found your tablets bring new vitality, and help to renew lost energy after a hard day's work. I have recommended my mates to give them a trial, as they are worth their weight in gold.

I remain,
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) Mr. A. H.
No. 41891

ACCEPT THIS GREAT OFFER

Yeast-Vite is an accurate scientific combination of pure medicinal yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiæ) especially rich in Vitamin B, and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists. It is therefore a Quick-acting Tonic, so successful that we make the following fair play offer. If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. Sold everywhere 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

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